



# Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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## A Famous French Play on Abbe De l'Epee

By Courtesy of Oscar H. Regensburg, Los Angeles, California

**I**N rummaging over some old books, I came across what I considered a rare find, of an English version of a French Acting Play, entitled "Deaf and Dumb," by M. Bouilly, as staged at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, in 1801, and again at the Convent Garden, in 1826, with the celebrated actor Kemble in one of the leading roles. In making inquiries about this play of a few, Mr. Tilden writes me this:—"I believe that it was related in the ANNALS. The story you mentioned seems to refer to a boy who claimed to be a scion of the nobility in which the story of Abbe De l'Epee believed. There was actually such an incident as told me in France; the Abbe went to law in behalf of the pupil whom he believed was defrauded of his inheritance rights and the priest was defeated. Then the Revolution came, the lad joined the corps of the volunteers in defence of his country. He was a cavalryman and in a charge he did not hear the bugle call in a retreat, so in riding on alone, he got killed. His is one of the only two cases I heard of in which deaf-mutes actually became soldiers."

It is not possible to produce in a single number of THE SILENT WORKER the whole play, or even a small part, which fills almost some forty closely typewritten pages. I am sending the whole copy to the publisher of THE SILENT WORKER, and have marked therein certain passages to be reproduced here, or some in some subsequent number, which I believe will appeal strongly to the reader. I also present the dramatic criticism passed on the play, which tends to show how powerful a hold the play had on the public at the time. This was before our Gallaudet visited England for the purpose of studying its method of educating the deaf.

### REMARKS.

This is an interesting, and in many respects powerful, Drama. It exhibits in a striking degree the wonders of that art which may be said almost to supply the defects of Nature, by rendering intelligible the wishes, the sentiments, and the feelings of those who are deprived of that most distinguishing gift of Heaven—the organ of Speech—

"To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied."

"Deaf and Dumb" is founded on an historical fact; and M. Bouilly, the original author, deserves high praise for the very skilful manner in which he has conducted the plot. The principal character is the Abbe De l'Epee—a name of which France has reason to be justly proud—a name that will descend to posterity crowned with the brightest honors. If to genius, unaccompanied by any nobler attribute, we decree imperishable fame, what

shall we assign to those, who with the most unwearied patience and industry, in the face of danger and privation, devote their time, their talents, their very existence, to ameliorate the condition of the most forlorn, and but for them, the most helpless among mankind? Of such illustrious example of humanity, France has to boast in her De l'Epee, and England in her Howard.

The terrors that haunt a guilty conscience are fearfully depicted in the characters of Darlement and Dipre; the former, the haughty,

The ambitions of Darlement are, however, violently opposed to this union, for he has already anticipated a more splendid alliance for his son, with the daughter of the First President. But if Darlement be torn by contending passions, how is it with the partner of his crime, the unhappy Dupre? This character is drawn with the utmost truth and nature, and the bitterness of his remorse, forms a fine contrast to the stern, unbending spirit of his master.

But that beneficent Power, to whom darkness and light are the same—who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—has defeated the designs of Darlement, by conducting Julio to the venerable Abbe De l'Epee, who, touched with his forlorn condition, generously undertakes to educate and provide for him. He soon discovers in his pupil a superior intelligence—circumstances arise to convince him that he has been purposely turned adrift, and he resolves to pluck out the heart of the mystery, by travelling with him on foot through the whole of the south of France. Their journey produces nothing remarkable, till they reach the gates of Toulouse, which the youth no sooner beholds, than he utters a wild cry of joy, seizes the hand of De l'Epee, and leads him through the various quarters of the city, till they arrive at the great square, in which stands the well-known palace of Harancour, the scene of his infancy. By a variety of the most impassioned signs, he makes his preceptor acquainted with his sad story, and De l'Epee resolves to use every effort to restore the rightful heir to his usurped fortunes. Such is the introductory part of this affecting Drama; the succeeding incidents, and the various characters, are developed with considerable skill and effect—poetical justice is amply awarded to all parties—the guilty are punished—St. Alme is made happy in the possession of Marianne—and De l'Epee enjoys the greatest of earthly triumphs, that of having protected the orphan in his hour of need—an instance of pure humanity, which modern philanthropists would do well not to admire only, but to imitate.

The towering majesty of Kemble's figure—his fine countenance—the deep tones of his voice gave full effect to the Abbe De l'Epee; and when he stood besides the youthful Julio, one of those picturesque contrasts was exhibited, which distinguished the Drama of olden times. Like every performance of that great master of his art, it threw the other characters completely into the shade, and it required no ordinary talent to do that, when Wroughton was the Darlement, Bannister the Dupre, and Miss De Camp the Julio, not forgetting Dicky Suett in the garrulous old Dominique. The only actor of this glorious cast now performing in the piece, is Mr. Charles Kemble, who, though five or twenty years have passed over



ABBE DE L'EPEE

ambitious uncle of the orphan Julio; the latter the deluded instrument. Julio, who is born deaf and dumb, is the sole heir of the house of Harancour. He is left under the guardianship of Darlement, at that time a merchant of good repute, but who, no sooner than the sacred charge devolves upon him, conceives the unnatural idea of removing forever his youthful ward; and, being constituted his eventful heir by the deceased Count of Harancour, thereby succeeding to the fortune and honours. Under the pretence of curing his malady, he takes him to Paris, and, on the very evening of their arrival, commands the villain Dupre to dress the young count in a beggar's suit that had been prepared for the occasion; this done, Darlement hurries him away, and, under shelter of night, loses him, thus disguised, in the inextricable mazes of that wide city. The conduct of Darlement now undergoes a total change—he becomes haughty and reserved; his son, the amiable St. Alme, has conceived an affection for Marianne, the daughter of the late Senechal Franval,

## THE SILENT WORKER

his head, stands forth, with his powers unimpaired, and his judgment matured, in his *original* character of St. Alme. His performance throughout was elegant and impassioned; to him this Drama must be in every way interesting, since it was in the character of Julio that Mrs. C. Kemble first gave proof of those extraordinary powers of mute expression, for which, in after years, she became so justly celebrated; and the *original* *De l'Epee* must be too strongly pictured in his memory ever to be effaced.

Mr. Young's performance was correct and dignified; there was little to blame, and much to admire; the uniform solemnity that marked his delivery, rendered it somewhat too monotonous, and he did not avail himself of every opportunity that character presented, of making it (which Kemble did) the hero of the scene. Plainly speaking, he made it no better than he found it. But in these days of rant and affection, when Tragedy—buffoons

"Another, and another still succeed,  
And the last fool's as welcome as the former,"

an actor like Mr. Young, with all his superior talent, judgment, and education, is invaluable; and when we admit, that in Hamlet, Macbeth, Pierre, and Zanga, (Lear and Coriolanus are *forbidden ground!* we can, with the full recollection of Kemble, behold him with pleasure, we pay due homage to his abilities. We are glad of an opportunity of speaking in praise of Mr. Wardem; his Darlemon was deeply impressive. He looked the character and *admirably*; and from this specimen of what he *can do*, we should say, that it only requires study and practice to place him in a high rank in his profession.

(Here follows a page more of criticisms on the players in the second cast, which is herewith omitted).

The Drama was first produced on the 24th of February, 1801, at Drury Lane Theatre. It was adapted to the English Stage by Mr. Holcroft, whose name, as a dramatist, stands deservedly high, as the author of the "Road to Ruin." Its moral is unexceptionally—but there is a want of decorum in some *direct appeals* to the *Diety*. We partake not of the absurd, hypocritical qualms of Prynne or of Collier; but we cannot approve of a license so utterly devoid of good taste, so presumptuous and irreverent.

D—————G.

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ENTER DE L'EPEE AND THEODORE, L. U. E.

SCENE II—Theodore (Theodore is the unknown orphan, Julio) precedes De l'Epee from the town, crosses the bridge, and advancing in great agitation, expresses, by signs, that he recollects the spot they are in.

De l'Epee (R.) This warm emotion—this sudden change in all his features—convince me that he recollects this place. Hadst thou the use of speech! (Theodore, L. looking round him, observes the church, and gives signs more expressive of his knowing the place.)

De l'Epee. It is—it must be so; and I am then arrived at the period of my long and painful search!

(Theodore now sees the palace of Harancour; he starts—rivets his eyes to it—advances a step or two to R.—points to the statues—utters a shriek—and drops breathless into the arms of De l'Epee.)

De l'Epee. Ah, my poor wronged boy,—for such I'm sure you are,—that sound goes to my very heart! He scarcely breathes. I never saw him so much agitated. There, here;—come, come. Why was voice denied to sensibility so eloquent!

(Theodore makes signs, with the utmost

rapidity, that he was born in that palace—nursed there—that he lived in it when a child—had seen the statues—come through the gate, etc., etc.

De l'Epee. Yes;—in that house was he born. Words could not tell it more plainly. The care of Heaven still wakes upon the helpless.

(Theodore makes signs of gratitude to De l'Epee, and fervently kisses his hands. De l'Epee explains that it is not to him, but to Heaven, that he ought to pay his thanks—Theodore instantly drops on his knee, and expresses a prayer for the blessings on his benefactor.)

De l'Epee. (Bareheaded—bows and says.) O, Thou, who guidest at thy will the thoughts of men,—Thou, by whom I was inspired to this great undertaking,—O, Power Omnipotent! deign to accept the grateful adoration of thy servant, whom Thou hast still protected—and of this speechless orphan, to whom Thou has made me a second father! If I have uprightly discharged my duty,—if all my love and labours for him may dare ask a benediction,—vouchsafe to shed its dew on this forlorn one, and let his good be all my great reward! (Raises Theodore and embraces him.) We must proceed with caution;—and first to learn who is the owner of this house.

(Theodore is running and makes signs to knock at the gate—De l'Epee stops him, etc., etc.)

ENTER PIERRE, L. S. E.

Pierre. Well—that president is the best natured gentleman—(Crossing towards R.)

De l'Epee. O, here comes one that may, perhaps, instruct me. (Signs to Theodore to attend.) Pray, sir, can you tell me the name of this square?

Pierre. (Aside.) Strangers, I perceive—It is called St. George's square, sir; looking at Theodore, crosses C.)

De l'Epee. Thank you, sir. Another word—Do you know this superb mansion?

Pierre. (Observing De l'Epee and Theodore more closely.) Know it!—I think I ought; I've lived here these five years.

De l'Epee. (L.) That's fortunate. And you call it—

Pierre. (C.) (Aside.) Plaguy inquisitive? A few years ago it was called the palace of Harancour—

De l'Epee. Of Harancour?

Pierre. But at present it belongs to a gentleman by the name of Darlemon. (Observing Theodore.) 'Tis odd—he seems to talk by signs. Is he dumb?

(During the above dialogue, Theodore examines the gateway, pillars, arms, etc., of the palace of Harancour; and explains to De l'Epee, his recollections of the various objects, etc.)

De l'Epee. And—who is the gentleman of the name of Darlemon?

(Theodore now turns his face fairly towards Pierre.)

Pierre. 'Gad, how like it is!—Sir?—Who is he?

De l'Epee. Yes;—I mean, what is his rank, his profession?

Pierre. (Still looking at Theodore.) Profession!—He has no profession, sir; he's one of the richest men in Toulouse. (Looking at Theodore.) One might almost swear to it.—Your servant, sir;—I'm wanted. (Aside.) Very odd, all these questions. (Crosses to R. looking at Theodore.) The strongest likeness I ever saw in my life. (Exit Pierre into the palace. R. S. E.)

De l'Epee. Ay, my friend, you little know the motive of my questions. There's not a moment to be lost. This house, that once belonged to so distinguished a family,—this Darlemon, the present possessor of it,—every

circumstance relating to it,—must be publicly known in Toulouse. I'll instantly away,—seek out some lodging, and then,—but for fear it should escape me—(Writes in a notebook.) Harancour.—Darlemon.

(Theodore, as De l'Epee writes, runs to him with eager curiosity—De l'Epee presses him in his arms.)

De l'Epee. Yes, my poor mute Theodore; if you belong to parents who can feel, no doubt they will lament your loss, and will with transport hail your return; if, as I fear, you are the victim of unnatural foul-play, grant me, Providence, to unmask and confound it! So men shall have another proof, that every fraud will soon or late be detected, and that no crime escapes eternal justice.

(Exit De l'Epee, leading Theodore over bridge, who looks back at the palace of Harancour, and makes expressive signs, indicating that he wishes to go there. De l'Epee (also by action) informs him that he must not go yet, and leads him across the bridge. Theodore goes very reluctantly.)

END OF ACT I.

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Franval. Very willingly. May I take the liberty of asking, who—

De l'E. I am from Paris—my name is De l'Epee.

Franval. De l'Epee! — the instructor of the deaf and dumb?

(De l'Epee bows.) Madam,—sister,—you see before you one who is an honour to human nature.

De l'Epee, sir.—

(The ladies salute De l'Epee with great respect.)

Franval. How often have I admired you as the benefactor of mankind, as the dispenser of the most valuable gifts of Heaven!

De l'E. Then I have been fortunate indeed, in applying myself to you.

Fra. How can I help you?

De l'E. By aiding me to redress the injured. Your high reputation, sir, has brought me hither, in order to communicate to you an affair of the utmost importance.

Madame Franval. Daughter, we'll retire?

De l'E. If you have time to listen, ladies, pray stay;—It is my earnest wish to interest every virtuous feeling heart in the cause I have undertaken.

Madame Franval. If we have your leave, sir.

Fra. Be seated, pray, sir.

(Franval offers a chair to De l'Epee. Marianne presents one to her mother, who sits, R. C.; Marianne stands R. near Madame Franval.)

De l'E. (L.) Perhaps you will think my story tedious, yet I must be particular.

Marianne. How interesting an appearance!

Fra. Pray, proceed!

De l'E. This, the, is my business. About eight years ago, a boy, deaf and dumb, found in the dead of night on the Pont Neuf, was brought to me by an officer of the police. From the meanness of his dress, I supposed him of poor parents, and undertook to educate and provide for him.

Fra. (C.) As I know you have done for many others.

De l'E. I soon remarked an uncommon intelligence in his eyes; a well-mannered case and assurance in his behaviour; and, a strange and sorrowful surprise in his looks, whenever he examined the coarseness of his clothing:—in a word, the more I saw, the more I was convinced that he had been purposely lost in the streets. I gave a public, full, minute description of the unhappy foundling; but in vain. Few will claim interest in the unfortunate.

Fra. Ah! few indeed.

De l'Epee. Placed among my scholars, he profited so well by my lessons, that he was, at last, able to converse with me by signs, rapid, almost, as thought itself. One day, as we were passing the High Court of Justice, a judge alighted from the carriage; the sight gave Theodore—for so I called him—an emotion violent and instant. The tears ran down his cheeks in torrents, while he explained to me, that when a child, a man, who often wore similar robes of purple and ermine, had been accustomed to caress, and take him in his arms. Observe;—another time, a grand funeral passed us in the street;—I watched the various changes in his colour, and learned that he had himself, long ago, followed the coffin of the very person, by whom he had been thus fondly caressed. I could not be mistaken. I concluded that he was probably the orphan heir of some chief magistrate, purposely turned adrift in a strange and populous city—defrauded, robbed, and even unfortunate to have escaped with life.

Marianne. Poor youth!

De l'E. These strong presumptions redoubled all my hope and zeal. Theodore grew every day more and more interesting. He confirmed to me many circumstances of his story;—yet, how proceed on his behalf? He had never heard of his father's name, he neither knew his family, nor the place of his birth. Well, sir,—some months ago, as we went through the Barriere D'Enfer, observing a carriage stopped and examined, the recollection suddenly struck him, that this was the very gate through which he entered Paris, and that the chaise, in which he travelled with two persons, whom he well remembered, had, in this very spot, been thus visited.

(Rises.) I see,—I see it in your eyes,—you anticipate my firm conviction that he came from some city in the south of France, of which, in all likelihood, his father had been the chief magistrate.

Fra. For Heaven's sake, sir, go on.

De l'E. Finding all my researches ineffectual, I resolved, at last, to take my pupil with me, and traverse, in person, and on foot, the whole south of France. We embraced each other, invoked the protection of Heaven, set forward. After a journey—long, fatiguing, and almost hopeless—we, this morning—blessed be the divine Providence!—arrived at the gates of Toulouse.

Fra. Good, Heavens!

De l'E. He knew the place, he seized my hand, uttered wild cries of joy, and led me quickly, here and there, through various quarters of the city. At last, we arrived at this square; he stopped—pointed to the mansion opposite your door—shrieked, and senseless dropped into my arms.

Fra. (Rises.) The palace of Harancour!

De l'E. Yes; and from the inquiries I have already made, I am convinced that my poor boy is the lawful heir of that family; and that his inheritance has been seized by his guardian and maternal uncle, Darlement.

Mad. F. I don't doubt it. O, the wretch! (Rises.)

De l'E. To you, sir, I have been directed,—to your talents,—to your virtues:—And to you, in the name of justice and humanity, I now address myself for aid. Earth, Heaven, and all the blessings it can promise, will second my petition. O, let the voice of the irresistible truth be raised in his behalf! Let not a noble orphan, denied the precious bounties of nature, and quickened by these privations into tenfold sensibility—let him not, I conjure you,—let him not fall the victim of the ambitious and the base!

Fra. Sir, could I have listened to a tale like this unmoved, I were unworthy the form

and name of man. (To Mad. F.) If ever I were truly proud of my profession, madam, it is at this moment, when I am called upon to assault the powerful, and defend the helpless. (To De l'Epee) Sir, the faculties of life, body, and soul, while I possess them, shall be employed to serve him.

Mad. F. (C.) I see his father in him at his age, as if he stood before me.

(Theodore, to whom De l'Epee is attentive, points to Franval; lays the fore-finger of his right hand on his forehead, and assumes the expression of genius; then darts his arm forward with force, grandeur, etc.)

De l'E. Ay! he tells me that he reads in your countenance the certainty of triumphing, and confounding his oppressor.

Fra. (C.) Yes; I have given him my promise, and will perform it.

(Theodore, having touched his ears and lips with a look of regret, seizes the hand of Franval—holds it to his heart; and, with his other hand, beats quickly and often at the bosom of Franval.)

De l'E. Ah! that he could speak his gratitude! But, by the throbbing of his heart, he bids you learn, that your goodness to him will live there forever. These are his true expressions.

Fra. Are you then so perfectly comprehensible to each other?

Mad. F. Are your signs so minutely accurate?

De l'E. As speech itself.

Mar. And does he understand everything you desire to express?

De l'E. You shall have proof at this moment.

De l'Epee taps Theodore on the shoulder, to make him observe; rubs his forehead, then points to Marianne, and writes a line or two with his finger on the palm of his left hand. Theodore nods to De l'Epee, runs to Franval's table (C.) sits down, snatches up a pen, and shows that he is ready to write.)

De l'E. Now, madam, make what inquiry you please of him, he will copy it down from my action, and immediately give you his reply. He waits for you.

Mar. (With timidity.) I really don't know what to—

Fra. Anything—anything.

Mad. F. Ay, ay, child; the first thing that comes into your head.

Mar. (After a moment's reflection.) in your opinion—

De l'E. Speak slowly, and repeat the question, as if you were dictating to him yourself.

(Theodore expresses that he attends to De l'Epee's signs.)

Mar. In your opinion—(Crosses to R.) (Theodore writes.)

Mar. Who is the greatest genius,—

De l'E. (makes a sign.)

Mar. That France has ever produced.

De l'E. makes a sign.)

(Theodore writes.)

De l'E. (Takes the paper from the table and shows it to Franval.) You see he has written it distinctly.

(De l'Epee returns the paper to Theodore, who for a moment sits motionless and meditating.)

Mar. He seems a little at a loss.

De l'E. I don't wonder at it,—it's a delicate question.

(Theodore starts from his reverie—looks affectionately at De l'Epee—wipes his eyes, and writes with the utmost rapidity.)

Fra. Look, look, what fire sparkles in his eyes! What animation in every turn! I dare promise you, this will be the answer of a feeling heart, and an enlightened mind.

(Theodore starts up—presents the paper to

Marianne, and desires her to read it to the company. Madame Franval and Franval look eagerly over Marianne, as she reads;—Theodore runs to De l'Epee, and looks at him with fond curiosity.)

Mar. (Reads.) "In your opinion, who is the greatest genius that France has ever produced?"

Mad. F. Ay; what does he say to that?

Mar. (Reads.) "Science would decide for Pascal, and Nature say, Buffon; Wit and Taste present Boileau; and Sentiment pleads for Montesquieu; but Genius and Humanity cry out for De l'Epee; and him I call the best and greatest of all human creatures."

(Marianne drops the paper, and retires to a chair in tears. Theodore throws himself into De l'Epee's arms. Madame Franval and Franval look at each other in astonishment.)

De l'E. (With emotion which he strives to repress.) You must excuse him;—tis a great mistake;—but a very, very pardonable one.

Fra. (Takes up the paper and examines it.) I can hardly credit what I see.

St. Alme. Distracted by Julio's wrongs, I ran, I burst into the chamber with my father: Dupre followed, and at once owned he had revealed all to you; and was resolved (unless he did the young count justice by a public confession) to make him the partner of his punishment. My father shuddered; maddening and agonized I drew my sword, and vowed, if he persisted to refuse the acknowledgment of Julio, that moment to expire on its point before his eyes! The dread of indelible disgrace—the cry of my despair—the horror of my death, prevailed—nature triumphed—my father relented—and with a trembling hand—there, there—(Gives De l'Epee a paper.)

De l'E. (Reads.) "I do acknowledge Theodore, the pupil of De l'Epee, to be Julio, the lawful Count of Harancour; and am prepared immediately to reinstate him in all his rights. Darlement."—To Thee, all—gracious Heaven, be endless praise and thanks! Gives the paper to Theodore.)

Fra. (Tearing the Accusation to pieces.) From what a load is my heart relieved.

(Julio, having read the paper, throws himself at De l'Epee's feet and kisses them; rises transported, and embraces Franval; then running towards St. Alme, pauses, as if struck by some sudden thought; looks steadfastly at him, and runs to the table, where he writes something under Darlement's declaration.)

Fra. What would he do? What is his design?

De l'E. I know not.

Mad. F. He seems extremely moved.

Mar. How the tears stream from his eyes.

(Julio returns to St. Alme, on his R. takes one of his hands and places it on his heart; then gives what he has been writing into his other hand, and makes signs to him to read it.)

St. A. (Reads.) "Half of my fortune must be yours, St. Alme—if you refuse me, I here vow again to disappear, and never more be heard of. From our cradles we were accustomed to share every good, like brothers, and I can never be happy at the expense of my friend."—Still the same, noble Julio! (Embraces Julio.)

De l'E. This single act overpays all I have done for him. (Crosses to Julio.)

Mad. F. The very spirit of the old count. He's his father's own son.

St. A. O, that I could efface the memory of thy wrongs! How shall I ever bear the weight of that recollection!

De l'E. (Looking at Marianne.) If this young lady would but kindly condescend to take a title to assist you, you might, perhaps,—

Mad. F. Nay, nay; reflect, sir; that such an union would—

## THE SILENT WORKER

De l'E. Bless, forever bless, two virtuous hearts, that Heaven formed for each other, and make the happiness of this fortunate day complete.

Mad. F. (R. C.) I protest I can't—really I don't know—

Fra. (R.) I am sure, madam—

Mad. F. Upon my word, son, you seem to persuade me to do anything.—(To St. Alme.) You need not speak, sir—(To Marianne.) No, nor you, Marianne. The matter has been settled among you, I see, and now, you pretend to ask my approbation; though, after that letter, I assure you, if you had not found a friend whose intercession nothing can be refused, I should not have been prevailed with to give you my consent.

Julio, after a sign from De l'Epee, of their desire to be married, kisses Marianne, leads her to L. C. and gives her hand to St. Alme, who receives it kneeling, C, holding their hands in his, L.)

St. A. O, joy unutterable!

Mar. How are we all beholding to your goodness!

De l'E. 'Tis to the prudence of your brother, and to the fortitude of St. Alme, we owe our final triumph. Consoled by love, by friendship, and a father's return to virtue, all cause of regret may well be forgotten, sir; and let us hope, that the example of this protected orphan may terrify the unjust man from the abuse of trust, and confirm the benevolent in the discharge of all the gentle duties of humanity.

THE END.

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### The Deaf and the Civil Service.

PRESIDENT TAFT has amended the executive order of his predecessor relating to the Civil Service (see the January *Annals*, page 113) so as to make it still more favorable to the deaf, as follows:

#### EXECUTIVE ORDER.

The Executive Order of December 1, 1908, in regard to the admission of deaf-mutes to the Civil Service examinations in amended to read as follows:

Deaf-mutes may be admitted to examinations for all places in the classified civil service of the United States whose duties in the opinion of the heads of the several Executive Departments they may be considered capable of performing, and each department will furnish to the Civil Service Commission a list of such positions, which list shall not be changed without previous notice to the Commission and in accordance with the Commission shall certify or withhold from certification deaf-mutes as they are reached in their order.

W. H. TAFT.

THE WHITE HOUSE, April 7, 1909.

In compliance with the provisions of this order the heads of the several Departments have furnished the Civil Service Commission with the following list of positions the duties of which in their opinion the deaf are capable of performing:

Treasury Department.—Accountant, bookkeeper, bookbinder, clerk, computor, chemist, draftsman, designer, expert money counter, law clerk, locksmith, money counter, paper counter, translator, engraver, clerk or copyist in customs service, clerk or copyist in subtreasury service, clerk or copyist in mint service.

War Department.—Copyist (typewriter), Judge-Advocate-General's Office, copyist in Engineer Department at Large, operators of certain automatic machines in the Ordnance Department at Large.

Department of Justice.—Typewriter.

Post Office Department.—Office of First Assistant: Clerical places not requiring consultation with others. Post-office service—Mail clerks, distributors, and directory and forwarding clerks. Office

of Third Assistant: Record or clerical positions not requiring frequent or constant consultation with others. Office of Fourth Assistant: Positions other than stenographer or typewriter, telephone operator, rural carrier, or where the person would be required to maintain oral communication with others. (The Department also states that in making request for certification it will indicate whether or not deaf persons can satisfactorily fill the position.)

Navy Department.—Bureau of Supplies and Accounts: laborer (cleaning office rooms); possibly clerical positions involving routine bookkeeping, filing papers, etc. Bath Iron Works: Draftsman of lower grade. Bureau of Navigation: Copyist at \$840, sending out recruiting circulars and publications. Washington Gun Factory: Possibly Draftsman. Proving Ground, Indian Head, Md: Laboratorian. Mare Island Navy Yard: Special laborer or clerk, \$2.56, Department of Yards and Docks checking figures and filing costs from data furnished. New York Navy Yard: One clerical position.

Department of the Interior.—Law examiner assistant examiner in the Patent Office, statistician, book-keeper, computer, clerk copyist, typewriter, engraver, draftsman, map printer's assistant, photographer, mechanic, cabinet-maker, carpenter, painter, plumber, packer, skilled laborer, laborer, charwoman, geologist, paleontologist, chemist, geographer, and topographer.

Department of Agriculture.—Five positions in the Bureau of Statistics, compiling, computing, and tabulating statistical data; lower grade clerk, Weather Bureau.

Department of Commerce and Labor.—Any clerical position not involving special qualifications up to and including the grade of \$900 per annum; charwoman, draftsman, engraver, and computer in the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Government Printing Office—Skilled laborer, press feeders, bookbinders, electrotyper, compositor and stereotyper.

Smithsonian Institution—One clerkship, International Exchanges, involving continuous record work; one position of computer, Astrophysical Observatory.

Here are a large number of positions in the Government services now open to all deaf persons otherwise eligible who may show themselves competent to fill them, and others will no doubt be added to the list as the capabilities of the deaf come to be better understood by heads of Departments.

In addition to furnishing the list of positions in the Interior Department given above, Mr. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, has instructed the heads of the various bureaus of his Department "to give equal consideration to the names of deaf persons who may be certified to them for appointment, where the duties are such as can be advantageously performed by them."

Mr. Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, suggests, accordingly to the *Washington Evening Star* of August 17, that "deaf persons might make good operators for the puncturing and tabulating machines to be used in making up the returns of the Census [a position not included in the list]. The work requires great concentration on the part of the operator to prevent mistakes. There has been a good deal of complaint that the Government has not given all the work possible to the deaf," said the Secretary, "and we are now inclined to give them anything we can."

This friendly disposition toward the deaf on the part of the present administration, while no doubt partly the result of the various influences brought to bear upon the Government during the past two years, is chiefly due in our opinion to Mr. George William Veditz's adroit move in calling Mr. Taft's attention to the subject when he was a candidate for the presidency last year. In conversation with Dr. Gallaudet last spring President Taft of his own accord introduced this subject and his

comments showed that Mr. Veditz's letter had made a strong and favorable impression upon his mind.—*Annals of the Deaf*.

### Mr. Johnson's Letter

Editor SILENT WORKER:—In the December number of the SILENT WORKER, Olof Harson has announced his candidacy for the next president of the N. A. D., and also has given out his famous platform—firm and broad. It should meet with the hearty approval of the whole American Deaf, and even the strong advocates of pure oralism can't deny the value and use of the sign-language.

In the Civil Service matter, as all know, we vigorously protested against classifying the deaf with the undesirables, and we were decidedly victorious through the efforts of Mr. Hanson against the Big Stick, Ex-President Roosevelt's hobby, and later the Taft smile greeted us heartily. Therefore Architect Hanson struck "Teddy" Roosevelt and Poultryman Veditz struck "Billy" Taft. The latest proverb is "the pen of Olof Hanson is mightier than the Big Stick."

The attention of the public should be called to President Veditz's Buffalo address entitled "Schools for the Deaf." We have fought a good fight, but we should make another hard fight against the state schools for the deaf being classified with charitable, penal and reformatory institutions. I am pleased to note that Columbia Institution for the Deaf, of which Gallaudet College and Kendall School are the parts, is an purely educational institution by Act of Congress. I beg the reader's pardon, as far as I know, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Indiana, Minnesota, Colorado, Oklahoma and Nebraska are the only states that regard their schools for the Deaf as strictly educational institutions. What will we do? Fight with the pen; reason with the charity board and lastly strike the Legislature. The deaf of Colorado, Missouri, Kansas and Illinois are to be congratulated for their recent protest against the absurd classification.

Colorado, at least, bowed its head to its deaf citizens, and I hope that the three last states will follow suit next time.

Judge Lawrence Y. Sherman, the former Lieutenant Governor of Illinois, and the present president of the new State Board of Administration of Charitable Institutions (not including penal and reformatory institutions), was recently asked of his opinion in regard to a school for the Deaf. I quote the following from his reply:

"If I had my way in writing a statute covering a school for the Deaf, I would call it an educational institution and not a public charity. \* \* \* Some states very properly consider schools for the deaf, blind any other institutions for the education of special senses, a part of the educational system of the state. \* \* \* This may be a matter for future action of the Legislature. \* \* \* Whatever that branch of the state government sees fit to enact, the board will cheerfully acquiesce in."

I earnestly hope when the time will come that EVERY school for the Deaf is an educational institution.

Dr. Howe, member of the State Board of Charities of Massachusetts, and Mr. Mann, Secretary of the State Board of Education of that state, insisted that the schools for the Deaf were part and parcel of the free school system of the state and not charitable institutions.—*American Annals of the Deaf*.

Unlike his predecessors, Mr. Veditz is doing things, and he is the right person for the right place at the critical time. His interests will be our interests; and our interests should be his interests, therefore let all co-operate and much good can be accomplished.

Don't knock the strenuous president, because we don't believe he does his duty, but aid him in every way possible to accomplish more.

F. A. JOHNSON.

CHICAGO, January 12, 1910.

Have you renewed your subscription?



These pictures were taken in the back yard of the residence of Mr Jay Cook Howard, which is in the middle of a three-acre tract, and the southern bound-

ary line is Lake Superior—300 feet shore line. Last fall there was a very severe storm on the lake and the waves were high. They washed over the highest

point of ice seen in the pictures. The two babies in white are Bell and Sewell, grandchildren of Dr. Draper. The ice effect was beautiful and unique.

### Dr. Warring Wilkinson Resigns Principalship

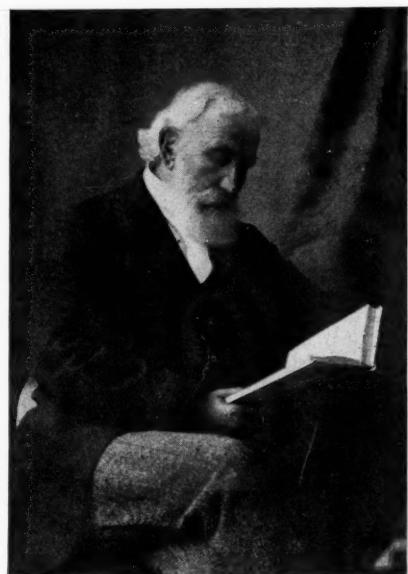
At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors on July 28th, Dr. Wilkinson offered his resignation as Principal of the Institution, to take effect October 1st. This action while deeply regretted, was not unexpected. For some time past Dr. Wilkinson has felt that he needed relief from the heavy duties and responsibilities of his position, and last June, in an interview with a reporter of the *San Francisco Call*, he said: "My eyesight has been failing me, and I feel that I need and have earned a rest. There are a few preliminaries yet to be gone over before my resignation will be placed in the hands of the Directors, but I shall sever my connection with the Institution this year."

The *Call*, in commenting on this contemplated action, truly said:

"Warring Wilkinson enjoys the reputation of being one of the foremost instructors of the deaf and the blind in this country, and his success as Principal of the Institution here has been apparent. He will leave with the regrets of his former associates."

Forty-four years will have passed next November since Dr. Wilkinson came to San Francisco from the New York Institution to take charge of the little school for the deaf and the blind of this state. It was then located at the corner of Fifteenth and Mission streets in San Francisco, in buildings but poorly adapted for the work, and one of the first tasks confronting the young principal was that of finding a new and more suitable location for the Institution, and obtaining from the Legislature the support necessary for building up a school commensurate with the wealth and dignity of the State. His manifest enthusiasm and sincerity of purpose met with generous response, and he was enabled to secure this tract of land in Berkeley where the school now stands. The wisdom of his choice, from a purely pecuniary point of view, is evident now if never before, since the 130 acres, which were purchased originally for \$12,500, are today valued conservatively at not less than fifty times that amount.

The building erected on this magnificent site was of stone. It was of stately proportions and in its interior arrangements bore many evidences of Dr. Wilkinson's thought and planning. It was destroyed by fire in 1865. Within three months a frame building, adequate for immediate needs, was erected and the school was again running. But this was



DR. WARRING WILKINSON

only temporary. By direction of the Board, Mr. Wilkinson went east in order to make a study of similar institutions there, and on his recommendation, the segregate system was adopted. As a result, the State of California has in her institution for the Deaf and the Blind a group of buildings of which she may well be proud. Visitors from other States and other lands are lavish in their praises of the building, grounds and equipment of this school, and these stand as a lasting monument to the one who has been identified for so many years with the education of the deaf and the blind of this Coast.

During the period of Dr. Wilkinson's principalship, about 110 pupils have been under his care, 750 deaf and 350 blind. His high standing as an educator in his special field is recognized throughout the land, but few persons, even of those who have come directly under his influence, are aware of how deeply he has been interested in the individual welfare and progress of his former pupils. He has always taken special pride in the fact that certain ones, more distinguished while at school for their desire to learn than for their intellectual achievements, have become self-supporting members of communities in which they live, and have continued, with marked success, the education begun while under his care.

The letters received from these ex-pupils are always read with great satisfaction; he goes to great pains to correct any inaccuracies of diction and returns the letters with suggestions and words of approval when he replies. One of his favorite forms of recreation—indeed, it may be said to be the favorite with him—is to retire to his private office and pore over the compositions and letters of the different classes, which he has kept carefully on file year by year, noting the progress of the writers as they have advanced from grade to grade.

Dr. Wilkinson is a reader of unusual ability. It has always been of great delight to the pupils of the blind department when he has been able to find time to give them an evening with his favorite authors. His mastery of the sign-language is well-known; he probably has no superior in this particular. It was a source of great grief to him and of deep regret to the pupils when he found, a few years ago, that it would be necessary for him to discontinue his lectures in chapel, owing to the fact that an hour on the platform, if he entered into the lecture with his accustomed zeal and enthusiasm, was likely to be followed by a season of nervousness and insomnia.

In his supervision of the buildings and grounds, Dr. Wilkinson has always been very active. No improvements or renovations were made anywhere about the premises that he was not there to see that the work was properly done. His faithfulness as a steward of the state's property is evidenced by the fact that, during all the long term of his principalship, there has never been a deficit. In his retirement from active service, California loses an officer of rare ability, rectitude and zeal, but he leaves behind him a name and an influence that will be more enduring than mortar and stone.

In fitting recognition of his worth and his faithful service to the state, the board of directors has conferred on him the title of Principal Emeritus, with two-thirds pay.

Mr. Douglas Keith, who succeeds to the office of Principal, has been connected with the Institution for twenty-one years. He is thoroughly familiar with the administrative department and on more than one occasion, he has served acceptably in the capacity of acting Principal. He enjoys the confidence and support of the Board of Directors and will, we feel assured, devote his energies earnestly to the task of maintaining the school on the high standard of excellence set by his distinguished predecessor.—*California News*.



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave.

**O**N the roll of inventors at the Patent Office at Washington, the name of Mr. Anson R. Spear, of Minneapolis, appears several times—more prominently as the inventor of the Spear Safety Envelopes. These envelopes have become so well-known in the business world that they are now considered the standard and millions of them are made and sold in all parts of the United States and Canada and even elsewhere by the Spear Safety Envelope Company, of Minneapolis. The envelopes shown in cut No. 1 are especially designed for the mailing of samples of flour, grain, seeds and other merchandise transmitted through the mails as unsealed matter. The envelopes fold securely, but in such a manner as to readily admit of the inspection of their contents if desired. No string or metal fastener or rubber band is needed to keep the fold in place. It is the only envelope for the mailing of samples that



CUT NO. 1.  
The Spear Safety Envelope.

can be made entirely on machine complete from the roll. All other kinds have fastening devices attached and must be made wholly or in part by hand. Cut No. 2 shows the Improved Spear mailing envelope on which a patent has just been granted. The Spear Semi-Sealed envelope for mailing catalogues and other printed matter was also recently patented. The envelope is sealed after the printed matter has been enclosed but the head end is so constructed that it can be opened and closed again without breaking the seal. After the semi-sealed envelope has been actually sealed it may be opened for inspection the same as the safety envelope shown in cut No. 1. I have seen samples of the Spear envelopes and consider them to be a great improvement over anything in the envelope line which has ever come my way.

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Mr. Anson R. Spear is not only an inventor, but a constructive statesman as well. He has helped make the Minneapolis Association a model of its kind and he is a force to be reckoned with in Minnesota state affairs. He is also active in national affairs. His view point is essentially that of a practical business man bent upon getting at definite results that are worth while. He has a plan for the reorganization of the National Association, which seems to offer the easiest transition

from the present unrepresentative, undemocratic, unamerican and, of course, unsatisfactory state of affairs to better things. His plan is to make the individual the basis of membership in the N. A. D.; to have the membership fee also include the subscription of the official organ of the Association; to have permanent headquarters for the Association with a paid secretary, giving all of his time to Association affairs in charge, the secretary also to edit the official organ; to have a small representative executive committee, a large advisory committee and a president who would serve and not denominate the Association. Mr. Spear went somewhat into detail concerning his plan some time ago in the *American and Silent Success* in which he gave expression to views concerning the status of teachers in the Association, in case it was reorganized according to his plan, that the defect obscured its good points. However, I have since talked with Mr. Spear and he said that he was speaking generally in reference to teachers and had no desire to see the idea which his words conveyed embodied in any rule to be adopted by the Association. According to the Spear plan the basis of membership is the N. A. D. is the individual exclusively. The Tilden plan would have state, alumni, city and other associations made the basis with perhaps some provision for individuals unattached to any minor organization. Both plans have their good points and with proper management better results than heretofore are possible under either plan. If things do not improve, we will have to get around to the Tilden plan, but under existing conditions it does not seem advisable to attempt it until the Spear plan has been tried and found wanting. Reorganize on a basis of individual membership with an executive committee that executes, an advisory committee that advises and a president who presides—all of which are conspicuous for their absence at the present time.

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It has been suggested that the coming convention of the National Association of the Deaf be held at Minneapolis, Minn., instead of Colorado Springs, Colo., for geographical and sundry reasons.

We are afraid that the suggestion, coming at the eleventh hour, will hardly be taken seriously. The Local Committee has already been appointed and gone to work in earnest, and the Association could not turn its back on this committee without doing it an irreparable injustice. We are inclined to think that the suggestion was made to throw a bouquet at the Minneapolis Association or to bring her into the limelight so early in order to make her the next choice after the Colorado convention. We like Minnie so well that we would be glad to see her the center of attraction when an organization of the magnitude of the National Association meets, but we think that the charming lady at the head of the Father of Waters is willing to wait until after Pike's Peak or something else bust.—*North Dakota Banner*.

Whether or not the suggestion is taken seriously it was made in good faith and was prompted by the fact that the local chairman was feeling about to secure a postponement of the convention for a year. The Minneapolis Association is an efficient and hustling organization and can entertain the national convention in first class style on sixty days notice. The difficulties in the way of obtaining the "thousand dollar entertainment fund" which the chairman of the Colorado Springs Local Committee evidently growing bristles as convention approaches or the move for postponement would not have been made. However there seems to be but one resource yet left for making his promise good—several times over if it succeeds—and that is to have our Uncle Samuel denote five thousand dollars

to the convention entertainment fund. Leastwise so says the Pueblo (Colo.) *Chieftain* of December 17, in the following words:

APPROPRIATION FOR DEAF-MUTES CONVENTION.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 16.—Congressman Martin will introduce a bill to have the government appropriate \$5,000 for the entertainment of the deaf-mutes of the country who will hold their annual convention here next August. George W. Veditz, of the state school for the deaf and blind and president of the national association, has been advised of the plan by Congressman Martin and it is said to have the endorsement of President Taft.

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*The American Industrial Journal* is in every respect a high class publication. It comes out four times a year. The time between issues is just about long enough to enable us to forget the existence of the paper, only to be pleasantly reminded that it is still alive when the next issue comes around. The more I see of the *Industrial Journal* the less excuse there seems to be for its existence a separate periodical. It contains nothing which could not with equal or even more appropriateness appear in the columns of *THE SILENT WORKER*. In fact, the *Journal* has been manifesting a tendency to run into general literature to fill up space intended for industrial articles such as the subscribers have paid their money for. Industrial items and articles have all along been prominent in the columns of



CUT NO. 2.  
The Spear Safety Envelope.

*THE SILENT WORKER* since it was started twenty-two years ago—and Mr. George S. Porter, the efficient publisher, has made each issue an up-to-date work of the printer's art. I believe if the *Industrial Journal* became a department of *THE SILENT WORKER* it would far better serve the special purpose for which it claims to exist and have the additional advantage of getting more frequently before a much greater number of readers. I have no idea what sort of an impression my suggestion may make upon the executive heads in the *Journal* and *WORKER* sanctuums, but as I am a thousand miles away and carry a sick and accident policy in the N. F. S. D., I think my proposition is not only sane but also reasonably safe.

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"Waters from An Ozark Spring" is the title of an attractively made book of poems by Mr. Howard L. Terry, of Carthage, Mo., just issued by The Gorham Press, of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Terry are known to the readers of *THE SILENT WORKER*, since both of them have contributed to its columns in recent years. Concerning Mr. Terry's latest book, the *Springfield Republican* says: "These poems breathe of the love of home and nature and while the author touches upon many themes



VIEW FROM TOP OF "ROCK CUT," FALL RIVER, KANSAS.



SCENES ON FALL RIVER AT THE ROCK CUT, FALL RIVER, KAN.

his opening lines in "Sunset" give an idea of the volume:

O, home! O, sweet composure,  
When from the world's exposure,  
Into thy welcoming rooms I go,  
And feel the fire's bright, warming glow,  
And greet the loved ones waiting near,  
What bliss on earth is half so dear.

February being the birthmonth of the great emancipator, Mr. Terry's lines written for the centennial year may be quoted here:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

O, thou, the child of poverty and care,  
If I could make a parallel of thee,  
I feel I am not wrong if I compare  
To Him thou followed—Man of Galilee:  
In lowliness was thy nativity,  
Thou noble offspring of the Virgin Soil,  
Thou child of meekness and humility,  
And noblest exponent of manly toil.  
The careworn face my cheeks the teardrops soil  
When I behold, for thine was fire that burned  
Thy light the world. Thy will what foe could foil?  
Thy purpose, e'en by armies ne'er was turned  
From its wise course;—thy fall a nation's groan:  
Thy task for man performed, God took thee for  
His own.

Neatly tucked away in the pages of the volume may be found the following aphorism:

Be a boy as long as you can,  
There's plenty of time to be a man.

There is nothing in Mr. Terry's poems to suggest that they were written by, for or of the deaf. The frontpiece illustration is that of the real Ozark Spring where

The rocks of old around it stand  
So rudely carved by the storm of God's hand.

In company with Mr. Terry I visited the spring a few years ago and found it in every way superior to the well with "the old oaken bucket," inasmuch as it was less trouble to get a drink.

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I recently improved an opportunity to visit for the first time the venerable state school for the deaf at Danville, Ky.—the fourth oldest school in America,—now under the very efficient management of Superintendent Augustus Rogers. Mr. Rogers is singularly fortunate in having around him a superior corps of practical and experienced teachers who perform their work with such well directed zeal that excellent results are every where apparent. And not the least pleasing of the impressions received was the spirit of courtesy, cordiality, confidence and frankness which seemed to pervade all departments of the school. As regards hospitality, it came up to the best traditions of the South and no satisfactory description of it is possible since

it must be experienced to be appreciated.

The Kentucky School is further to be congratulated for the reason that it has on its Board of Directors a deaf man,—one of its own graduates—Mr. Robert H. King, a prominent business man of Lexington—the capital of the Blue Grass district. No other school for the deaf in the world has yet laid claim



HOWARD L. TERRY.

to such a distinction and Kentucky may well be proud of the fact that it has established a precedent which could advantageously be followed elsewhere.

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The Alabama School for the Deaf at Talladega has effectively solved its library problem. The Carnegie library of the town is located just across the street from the school and the pupils patronize it the same as the general public. The school has donated its own library to the Carnegie institution and is thereby relieved for all time of the trouble and worry incident to the selection and care of books for the general reading of the pupils.

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Many railroad station lists contain names over which the speaking deaf must tumble or miss their trains. Experience has taught me not to be too specific when inquiring about the train for my destination if it is a name the pronunciation of which I am not already quite familiar. An easier way around the difficulty is to pick out a stopping place on the line passing destination and asking if the train goes there. On a recent Southern trip

I found that Montgomery and Anniston were mouth-filling and easy although my objective points were Calera and Talladega. Justification for such a procedure would have been even more apparent had my destination been Kewahatchie Sylacauga or Wesumpka.

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perhaps it also jars you a little bit to be accosted by a communicative fellow passenger who has something to say, and is willing to repeat it, but when asked to write it out, and perceiving you are deaf, slaps you on the back, laughs and walks away with a gesture as much as to say: "Oh, never mind." On such occasions we are sorely tempted to see if our foot-ball training is still serviable.

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Lamentations from the oral department:

RIMES OUT OF REASON.

When the English tongue we speak  
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?

Will you tell me why it's true  
We say "sew," but likewise "few";

And the maker of verse  
Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"?

"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";

"Cord" is different from "word";

"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;

"Shoe" is never rimed with "foe."

Think of "hose" and dose and "lose";

And of "goose" and of "choose."

Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";

"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."

And since "pay" is rimed with "say,"

Why not "pair" with "sair," I pray?

We have "blood" and "food" and "good";

"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."

Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?

Is there any reason known?

And, in short, it seems to me

Sounds and letters disagree.

—*The Church Review.*

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Of all the devices for awakening the deaf that of a Birmingham hotel porter is probably the simplest. While down there recently I left word at the office to be called in good time for the early morning train for Danville. I awoke myself, however, and found that the porter had already performed his duty by dropping an office envelope over the transom bearing the inscription "5 o'clock."

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The standing committees for the advancement of the deaf to be appointed at the Colorado Springs convention next summer will be made up of individuals who advanced to the top of Pike's Peak by burro.

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We are indebted to Supt. W. C. Ritter, of the Virginia School for Colored Deaf, for a copy of his first annual report. It is appropriately printed in black with a chocolate cover.

# PHILADELPHIA



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St

WHAT has become of David J. Stevenson?" is a question frequently asked by the older graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and it is not mere curiosity that causes it to be asked, but the prompting of a love born of long association with the man who was to them like a father in the school that seemed a new world in their youthful days. Separated from home, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and the familiar haunts so dear in childhood, to live in a strange city, a strange school and among strangers it was but natural that they should look up to some one to take the place of father at home, and, having found such an one, there came a pleasure the memory of which time can not efface. There is, then, also a touch of gratitude in the inquiry for the faithful old friend of whom we write.

Mr. Stevenson is without question the oldest living member of the old Foster regime of a little over a quarter of a century ago. And other remaining members, we can recall now, are Mrs. Ann P. Coulter, of Philadelphia; Mr. Jacob D. Kirkhuff and Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, of Mt. Airy; John P. Walker, Esq., of Trenton, N. J., (who taught the writer); Mrs. Emma V. Pettengill, of Swarthmore, Pa.; Miss Sarah A. Briggs and Miss Julia A. Foley, of Mt. Airy. If there are any others living, their whereabouts are unknown to us. May we ever hold in grateful remembrance the memory of those faithful teachers and officers of that old regime who have since ceased their earthly labors and gone to their reward!

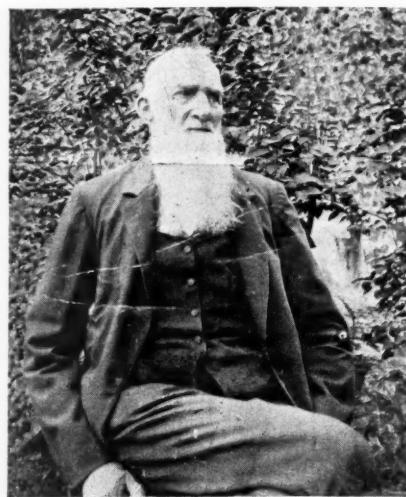
On that beautiful Saturday afternoon of December 11th last, the writer, in company with Mr. William C. Shepherd, paid a pre-arranged visit to the aged subject of this sketch at his home in Primos, Delaware Co., Pennsylvania, a pretty suburb, located about eight miles from Philadelphia's busy center. We were kindly received by Miss Mamie E. Stevenson, a daughter, who is his faithful housekeeper and devoted attendant, and ushered into the sitting-room where a bright, cheery fireplace soon warmed us; but we could not help noticing the absence of our prospective host whom we were eager to greet. It had been our expectation to find Mr. Stevenson comfortably seated in a large chair before just such a fire, and we had also looked for the rare pleasure of a good chat with him on by-gone times there; but instead we were escorted to a chamber on the second floor where we found him lying snugly and comfortably in bed. Naturally our first question was about his health. On being assured that it was as good as it could be for a man of his age, we felt relieved. He was not sleeping but simply resting with the burden of over eighty-four years on his back. Being assisted to a rolling-chair, our solicitude for his condition was again roused by the fact that his right eye is totally closed, due to a recent operation, and the vision of his left eye is more than half gone. It thus became necessary to carry on our conversation with him through his daughter, who is quite proficient in the use of the sign-language. Mr. Stevenson seemed more than pleased at our visit and wondered why

not more of his former deaf friends visited him also; he spoke with considerable emphasis, and then suddenly asked, "How is Mr. Walker? And Dr. Crouter? And Mr. Kirkhuff? And Miss Briggs? And Mrs. Coulter?

He asked about a number of deaf persons whom he recollects, and took a keen interest in all that we could tell him about them.

He seemed to enjoy this conversation so much that he would have kept it up longer had we not, from fear of fatiguing him, withdrawn after two hours' time. Before doing so, however, we asked him particularly if he desired us to convey any message to his deaf friends and others. Reflecting for a moment, his large but frail fingers then spelled out this message:

*"I wish to see them all; and I wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."*



DAVID J. STEVENSON.

No doubt every deaf-mute who knows Mr. Stevenson will be touched by his hearty greeting and join us in reciprocating the good-will. May he pass his remaining years in peace, happiness and comfort!

David James Stevenson was born in Snow Hill, Worcester county, Maryland, on July 28, 1825. In the year 1846 he moved to Philadelphia and four years later entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb as instructor in tailoring. Afterwards he was promoted to the office of Steward, in which capacity he served faithfully until his retirement in 1884. He was therefore connected with the Institution for the long period of thirty-four years, and in that time came into contact with a very large number of deaf, some of whom have preceded him to the grave, others are white-haired, and many more are now in middle life. As Steward, he did not only manage the domestic affairs of the Institution but had general supervision over the male pupils outside of school hours. Whether this additional authority was given him or not, he was looked upon as the active monitor of the boys and his authority as such was never questioned. It seemed that the Principal gave his entire attention to the educational department in those days. The Steward was more like the "father" of the boys; he mingled with them in the sitting-room, at play, at meal time, and was always their care-taker on excursions or when the pupils left the Institution to visit some place of interest in a body; and at vacation time he saw them off home, as he greeted them again on the return to school in the Fall. He was a strict disciplinarian, but tempered his rule with kindly advice as oft as that served its purpose. When the writer was at school the pupils ranged in size from the small boy to the six-

footer, and it was no easy task to discipline such a lot. Whatever may be said of Mr. Stevenson's management of the boys, he was exceedingly popular, loved and respected by them. We attribute his popularity to three things: First, he was tactful; second, he loved to humor the pupils, and to give them the best he could to make them happy and contented; and third, he was able to talk by signs as freely as anyone, so that he understood the pupils and was better understood by them. Ah! but times change and things grow, and it developed that a new era was dawning upon the great Pennsylvania Institution at Broad and Pine Streets which was to make it a greater institution. Not by a sudden sweep was the rejuvenation of the institution effected, but by a gradual change in its officership. According to the new order of things the office of Steward was absorbed by one higher and Mr. Stevenson was thus forced to retire, not caring to take a lesser office. It was a sorrowful change for him, not the loss of office itself so much as his forced separation from the deaf for whom he felt a genuine and natural sympathy, by reason of the fact that he had several deaf relatives; but, for all that, he accepted the inevitable with the resignation of a truly manly man. Since his retirement he has lived in the house where we visited him and which he owns.

In appearance Mr. Stevenson is a man of large physique, or much above the ordinary size, with a long flowing white beard. Although time has changed the man so much, his mind is still clear, and he looks forward hopefully to a century age. He not only resembles a patriarch but is one in fact as well as in name. In the year 1847 he married Miss Mary M. Ward by whom he had ten children, seven of whom are living. The list of children are as follows: Mrs. Emma V. Pettengill, of Swarthmore, Pa., formerly an Assistant Matron at the Broad and Pine Streets School, who married Prof. Amos Pettengill, since deceased; Mr. Albert W. W. Stevenson, of Collingdale, Pa.; Mrs. Ida B. Reed, of Ithaca, New York; Mr. Leonard C. Stevenson, of New Orleans, La.; Miss Mamie E. Stevenson, at home; Mr. Walter I. Stevenson, of Aldan, Pa.; Mr. Wilfred Stevenson, of Clifton, Pa., and Frank G., George T. and Harry N., who are deceased. In addition, Mr. Stevenson adopted into his family William Shepherd, a fatherless deaf boy who now lives in Philadelphia and has a family. Mr. Stevenson's wife died on February 14, 1901.

Although Mr. Stevenson had no congenital deafness among the members of his own family, there was a streak of the affliction in his father's family, and thus it was that the Stevenson family of deaf-mutes was for a long time the largest and best-known in Philadelphia. Let it be said to their credit, too, that it has been an honorable family. We are glad to testify to this from personal knowledge and that of some old-time deaf. We present the names of the deaf members of the Stevenson family here as a memorial:

Joseph J. Stevenson (brother of Mr. D. J. S.) and wife, Sarah.

William S. Stevenson (brother of Mr. D. J. S.) and wife, Rebecca.

Henry L. Stevenson (son of William S. and nephew of Mr. D. J. S.)

Mrs. James T. Young (daughter of William S. and niece of Mr. D. J. and husband).

The last named member is still living with her husband, also the second wife of Mr. Henry L. Stevenson; and two hearing children, Miss Maggie Stevenson, daughter of Joseph and Sarah; and Mrs. Edna Seivert, daughter of Henry L., by his first wife. Most of the hearing members of the Stevenson family are conversant with the sign-language.

# NEW YORK



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway

A RECENT news note from the Gallaudet Home, published, with other items, stated that the old people "enjoyed a nice Thanksgiving dinner through the kindness of the Board of Lady Managers." Now supposing—but perish the thought. ◆

An appeal for funds to aid the moving-picture project, through the "endless chain" system makes a strong feature of preserving the clean-cut, masterful sign oratory of President E. M. Gallaudet, perhaps America's foremost educator of the Deaf—certainly America's grandest speaker in the speech that is so golden to the deaf.

But it also refers to the good Doctor as our "Greatest Living Benefactor."

True, no doubt of those who were educated under him, but hardly true as to the great body of us.

Really it's unpleasant to dispute, but this benefactor business is carried to extremes, and I think Dr. Gallaudet himself would put in a disclaimer if he saw the reference. ◆

At the risk of being tiresome, here are a few more oddities in names, all taken from an account of an entertainment at the New York institution recently, and all mentioned figured on the program: Solio Goerschanek, Edw. Zwetschenbaum and A. Tinghino. ◆

Some years have passed since a certain Quaker City correspondent has been able to refer to New York or New Yorkers without dragging in the corpse of the petrified "hoss-car" joke. ◆

The present President, and the President-to-be of the N. A. D. have lately been subjects of poetic effusions. Just how much further the thing will go remains to be seen! Marble or bronze effigies on Pike's Peak, perhaps!?

Must try my hand:

Muse Flits!  
And Lits!  
On George Veditz!  
Poetic Hits!  
Make three-base Hits!  
His teeth he grits!  
At us poor wits!  
And out he hits!  
With two big mitts!  
All Hail Veditz!  
Our Chief of Cits!

The Cincinnati Oral product who tell how successful he is while shunning his fellow deaf says:

"It is now eighteen years since I left Northampton, and eight since I graduated from College. During all that time I have associated with hearing people, and very seldom, if ever, met any deaf people. The last five years I have been practicing my profession as an architect, with my office in Cincinnati. In my work I come directly in contact with clients, contractors, and workmen. I also go out and superintend my jobs, so in this way I am thrown entirely upon my own resources. I have not had the slightest trouble whatever. Now, I would like to

know how I would have been able to do all this, if I had to depend on the sign-language, in fact, I regard it as a sheer impossibility."

That is, I suppose the result of ignorance. None of us use the sign-language in speaking with business associates in the work-a-day world. Some of us use good English, others have to write, but most of us manage to "make good" in one way or another without the sign-language until we need it in intercourse with our fellow deaf.

Really our oralist friends cannot get any more glory out of a case of the kind cited, then they can out of examples of their products running around some of the big cities glad to earn five or six dollars a week at genteel though decidedly unskilled labor.

There are enough of them whose education is limited to a smattering of more or less understandable speech, and the ability to read the lips to a limited, though far from practicable, extent, and no trade or bread-winning ability, to make quite a showing if they could be lined up.

Happily the 18-karat orals are, as a rule, from well-to-do families who do not have to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. ◆

The other evenings at a social affair I saw a sister and brother, a young woman and a young man, who only a few years ago were absolutely wooden as a result of pure oral training. After they got out of school their English, and their Grammar improved through association with their fellow deaf. Gradually this association forced out the wood and in its place we have an educated couple, happy; the one a charming matron and social leader, the other a man with a good trade acquired since he left school, and one handy in debate, discussion, repartee, and an all around good fellow. But they had a mighty narrow escape. There are others—plenty of 'em, and the fellow who gets up and points with pride to himself as a mollycoddle of oralism has lots to learn. ◆

No one has got up to speak in defense or rebuttal of Tilden's scathing denunciation, of what he calls our legacy after thirty years misrule, and then goes on to state:

"Yet we have over again the humiliating spectacle of a college man preparing at Colorado Springs a slate of new officers to consist of college men, and a college man declaring in favor of another because the other fellow is a whit better college man than himself. Such a display of class spirit is ceasing to be ludicrous; it will begin to be disgusting, if not as repellent as a tragedy. Is that your idea of a government of, for and by the people? Is Gallaudetism of, for and by the people? Let us stay at home, for then the Colorado Congress will be an Alumni meeting."

Well it is true that every President of the N. A. D. has been a Gallaudet man except in one instance where a President, while not a former student or graduate, holds an honorary degree from Gallaudet. Since Gallaudet men have always held the balance of power in the N. A. D., it was only natural that they should elevate their own. However, the 1910 meeting is yet to be held and it is by no means certain that the tentative program will be carried out. A portentous Cloud looms up in the horizon and Missouri people still desire a demonstration, and cling to their prerogative. In any case, the next President will still be a "Gallaudeter."

## NEW YORK

New Year's eve saw several happy gatherings to celebrate the departure and arrival of the old and the new.

At the League of Elect Surds affair a banquet was enjoyed, after which the three Past Grand Rulers were caned in a pleasant way. The canes were of best workmanship, with silver heads suitably inscribed and will doubtless be future heirlooms in the Hodgson, Fox and the writer's families. ◆

The Hebrew Congregation scored a big social, financial and artistic success in their Grand Charity Ball and entertainment held January 8th, at the Yorkville Casino. There was a big crowd; all the local associations with one exception, turned out in full force. The dancing was preceded by an entertainment made up in part of professionals, among whom were The Hobsons in a skating act, and the two Marcellos, comedey acrobats, one of them, in particular, made a big hit with his happy and timely pantomimic interpolations.

Miss Viola Ballin danced charmingly and showed artistic ability.

A Comedy-Farce in two acts by the members, entitled Doctor Cureall was a good amateur effort. The leading part was entrusted to Emil Basch. Nothing quite like his acting had ever been seen hereabouts. He lent originality to the character by adding a lengthy proboscis to his own which didn't add anything to the character of the disciple of Hippocrates.

On February 5th, at Imperial Hall, Brooklyn, (it's exactly five minutes from New York's City Hall by Subway) Brooklyn Division, No. 23, National Fraternal Association of the Deaf, will act as hosts at a Fancy Dress Ball. All signs point to success. The hall is as fine as the finest. The affair takes place on a Saturday night. The location is accessible, being only "four minutes from Broadway," which is nearest Brooklynites ever came to bringing their Borough across the East River

ALEX L. PACH.

## In 1910

Father's in his airship  
Gone to spend the day,  
Looking after loans and bonds

In Europe, o'er the way;  
Mother, who likes comfort,  
And does not care to roam,  
Is shopping via wireless,  
In Paris, at her home.

Brother, who in deep seas  
Has a coral grove,  
Is going in his submarine  
Among his crops to rove.  
Uncle, in the navy,  
Who's left his ship a span,  
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes  
To join her in Japan.

Sister, who's a suffragette,  
Has worked reforms so rare  
That even the ward meetings  
They open now with prayer;  
And when tired by her labors,  
She'd body rest and soul,  
She goes to spend for pleasure  
A week-end at the pole.

*The Virginia Guide* advises the deaf to marry the deaf, if they marry at all, and says that there are two deaf men in the State Hospital for the Insane at Staunton, Va., who were driven insane by their troubles consequent upon marrying hearing women. *The Guide*, however, discourages the intermarriage of the congenitally deaf, because the offspring of such unions are almost sure to be deaf like the parents. In giving this advice the *Guide* is at one with about all educators of the deaf.



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GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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### A Roll of Honor

IT is attention to the little duties of life that makes up character and strength; and if this fulfilling of duty begins and is nurtured during one's school-days, it gets a hold that is never lost, but grows with our growth and goes with us through life. Perhaps there is no habit that is more valuable to us and none that is easier to gain or lose than that of punctuality. The time that is gained by it, or the time that is lost by it often makes the difference between success and failure; and so it is with especial pleasure that we note the fact that an hundred and seven of our little boys and girls were promptly in their places the day that school opened after their Christmas holiday. We have kept a list of these and think that we may safely say of them that in the battle of life they will be found among the winners.

### The Industrial Exhibit

THE Industrial Exhibit of the meeting of the National Association of the Deaf next summer, and that an industrial exhibit will be among the attractions. We trust, however, that the Committee on awards will not make the mistake that was once made by a similar committee acting for a conference held in this country, where the awards were made inversely as the distance the exhibit had come, the one from the nearest point getting the gold medal and the one from the most remote point getting the dinky-dink.

### Our January Increment

THE in-coming year brings with it electrical light and power for us that will be of inestimable value to our school. First of all we have had installed a fine little motor and generator that gives us a direct current of electricity. Connected with this we have two Winfield lights for Mr. Porter that turn night into day and will greatly facilitate our half-tone work. Then there

has been a wire run from the industrial department to our chapel which furnishes the best possible light for our projector. The latter is the finest made and with it we can place upon our screen photographs, post-cards, cuts from books, indeed, pictures of any kind either in black and white or in colors. It has a stereopticon attachment that makes it capable of projecting all our transparent views as well. Nor is this all, for we will soon have a moving picture attachment, and then we shall have the most complete picture machine possible. We have also a small motor for our linotype and one for our Gordon press, so that there have been few months in the history of our school so fraught with interest and value to it as the one just past.

### Commendable.

A SPARTA CORRESPONDENT to the *Newark News* writes as follows of one of our boys:

We called on Everett Dunn a few days since and carried on quite a conversation with the medium of a pencil. He could write more rapidly than we and perhaps more legibly. Every capital was in its place, not an error in spelling, and barely one error in grammatical construction of a sentence, the omission of a single letter. It is doubtful if the majority of our ordinary school boys of his age could have done as well.

He was delighted in showing photographs of the buildings of the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes, at Trenton, of different classes, the school rooms and dining room, the various departments where the arts are taught.

The most prominent of the arts taught the boys are wood-turning and wood-working in general, shoemaking, typesetting and printing. Samples of the printing and halftone work done by the pupils would do credit to almost any ordinary printer. Besides the work, we were shown with great pride on the little fellow's part, the cards, we had almost said text books, on the technical terms of the art. Every move of the boy gave evidence of an enthusiast in his work, one whose whole soul and life was wrapped up in his educational pursuits. Much honor is due the teachers of the deaf-mutes, or as they are now called, "the silent workers."

Everett is one of those little fellows who appreciates his opportunity and is making the best of it, and if we do not miss our guess, there will be few boys in Sparta, no matter what their opportunities or advantages, who will do better in life than he.

### Our Little Chinese Friends

OUR children are somewhat restricted financially, and our corps has its own troubles, with the prices of necessities soaring as they are, but somehow we always manage to have a mite to spare for any really deserving cause. The struggling school in China impresses us as such a cause, and we had no trouble, last year, in again extending it a helping hand. That we "builded better than we knew" and that our contribution was of infinite use has been brought forcibly before us by the following letter from Miss Carter, who, in the absence of Miss Mills, is in charge of the Chefoo school:

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, CHEFOO, CHINA,  
December 11, 1909.

MR. JOHN P. WALKER,  
Supt., Trenton School for the Deaf:  
DEAR MR. WALKER:—The November issue of your esteemed paper THE SILENT WORKER reached us in the last mail and as usual I took the first opportunity to read it.

I was surprised to learn that you had not received from the Chefoo School an acknowledgement of your gift sent in June; and upon looking over our books, I find that a school receipt was sent on its way to you August 1. Your gift of thirty-one dollars (gold) netted us the neat sum of seventy-three dollars and eighty-one cents, in local currency and it was greatly appreciated as it went a long way towards paying the general expenses for a whole month. In behalf of this school, I wish to thank you and every one in your school, who has contributed towards the support of the Chinese deaf in the past and beg for your co-operation and help for the future.

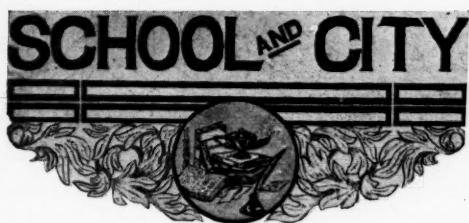
As you, no doubt, know, Mrs. Mills is now in America working hard to secure something towards an endowment and the assured continued maintenance of the work for which she has given so much of her life and strength. While she is away it is my pleasure to do what I can towards filling her place here, so that the work will go on with as few changes as possible.

Yours sincerely,  
ANITA E. CARTER.

IT has been the greatest pleasure in the world to us to help our little friends over in the Flowery Kingdom. The One who said "suffer little children to come unto me" has also told us that every man is our brother, not only the one living in the same town or the same state with us; and when our brother and our little sister in the far-away land is so much worse off than the ones in our own, we certainly have an especial duty to them. We shall hope to do at least as well this year for Mrs. Mills and her school, and shall be most glad if we can even do better.

### The World's Congress

UNLESS all signs fail the World's Congress of the Deaf held at Colorado Springs the coming summer will be far and away the best meeting of the kind ever held. The spot chosen for the conference is one of the most beautiful on the continent and is among a people who know how to boom their state and who, in booming it, spare no expense. And then there is George W. Veditz, Esq., the President of the National Association. He is a hustler if ever there was one, and already he has the interest of everybody enlisted, and the thing well on its way. It is likely that outside of the large number of deaf who will be present as individuals, there will be representatives fully clothed with authority to act for each state and territory, and that many foreign countries will have delegates acting in official capacity. Not only this, but a reasonable appropriation by Congress is likely, to defray the expenses of the foreign delegations. These and the many other important details are under the eye of Mr. Veditz and his able committee and everything is being pushed with a zeal that bodes great good for the meeting in August next.



Come, gentle spring!  
The term is half over.  
Good skating while it lasted.  
Another year well on its way.  
The song of the blue bird next.  
The days are gradually lengthening.  
A downy wood-pecker paid us a visit, on Friday.  
Our picture exhibition on Saturday was a fine one.  
Poor old Neddy horse! He has seen his best days.  
If wishes were autos, several of us would have one.  
Our sleds have been in almost constant use this winter.  
Somebody will be along, pretty soon, with a catkin stem.  
Clara Van Sickel attended five parties while she was at home.  
There is a little bit of spring in the sunshine, now-a-days.  
The recent thaw took away almost every vestige of our snow.  
The new lights have greatly increased the value of our study-hour.  
Minnie Brickwedel has the finest gold watch in the school, barring none.  
Antonio Petoio's favorite study is History. He seldom gets less than 100 in it.  
Maude Thompson returned in all the glory of a beaver hat and beautiful new suit.  
A well-filled box was among the good things that came to Dawes Sutton, last week.  
Owing to a very bad cold, May Turner was two weeks late returning to school.  
Our lawns have gotten so soft that we will not dare to play on them for a few days.  
The girl monitors each got a pretty little present from Miss Cornelius, at Christmas.  
With a half dozen little boys as her horses, Miss Bilbee had a fine sled ride one day last week.  
The little folks are already making their plans for the holiday they will have on the 22nd.  
Miss Dellicker's boys and girls were all very glad to see her permanently back at her desk again.  
Erwin Herman says he got so many things for Christmas that he don't know what to do with them all.  
We thought we heard the melodious voice of Brer Owl, the other day, but could not see him anywhere.  
Bennie Abrams is the proud possessor of a new fountain pen of latest design, a present from his cousin.  
We can have a fine picture show, now, any time we want it, at the simple expenditure of a little bit of electricity.

The children carefully save every postal card, and bring all to the lantern exhibits to have them thrown upon the screen.

There was a general interchange of little presents among the children upon their return from the holidays.

The Blessing of Labor, An Interesting Story, and The Old Wind-mill were added to our Art Gallery last week.

Lillie Stassatt's father is still in the hospital, where he has been confined for several weeks with a broken limb.

A white hat and a handsome tan overcoat were among the pretty things acquired by Frieda Heuser, while at home.

George Bedford has a fine new camera and has succeeded in getting a number of excellent views of the pupils and buildings.

The girl monitors went to the Trent entertainment Saturday a week, and the boys had a nice block of seats there on Saturday.

Anthony Zachman is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to a visit from his mother and Miss Bertha Kindler at Easton.

The scarlet-fever quarantine has been removed from Miss Tilson's home and she will now be back to her duties in a very few days.

Maude Thompson may possibly move to Jersey City, next year. That would be quite a change from Point Pleasant, wouldn't it?

Few of our girls of any size have failed to read the Story of Helen Keller's Life. Harriet Alexander is the last to give it a perusal.

While one of the gentlemen was suffering from a bad case of the tooth-ache a few days ago, Ruth Ramshaw told him he had a "swell face."

Mr. Newcomb has passed the Civil Service examination in electrical engineering and is now in line for a state appointment in that work.

Miss Cornelius had a birthday on the 26th and was the recipient of quite a number of cards and other little reminders of the occasion.

It isn't often that we can afford an oyster supper, but we had one last Friday and it is needless to say that everybody enjoyed it greatly.

Muriel Gilmore and her sister Katherine are carefully saving all their pennies and the first of the month had over seven dollars to the good.

Adela Silverman had quite a bad fall on an icy side-walk, while out shopping, the other day, but no bones were broken and she is all right now.

The sewing classes are, at present, busy on a number of gymnasium suits for the girls. They are of fine blue cloth and are both pretty and strong.

The baby boys are all clamoring for places in the industrial department. We have many more pegs than holes at present, so some will have to wait.

The Board of Education and the various Committees met with us on Tuesday. The question of increased accommodation was especially considered.

It would be hard to estimate the amount of work that is done each year by Mr. Hearnen, Mr. Newcomb, and Mr. McLaughlin, outside of their regular duties.

Rosie Hucker is very proud of the white dress that was given her for the exhibition drill in December. It is really a very nice one and most becoming to her.

When Mr. Sutton was up to see us, last month, he proudly exhibited a picture of a fine big buck, which he and a party killed near Tuckahoe, during the gunning season.

Our boys have arranged a game with Pennington, where they always have a hard row to hoe, and are hoping for better luck this time than they had at their last game.

Jemima Smith had quite a surprise when she went home on the 24th. She found, greatly to her pleasure, that her papa and mamma had moved back from Hawthorne to Paterson.

Two of the children have failed to return from their vacation. They do not seem to see the value of an education or to take any interest in their studies, and may as well stay home "for good."

While playing "Old Maid," the other evening, Mary Mendum got the "Old Maid" three times in succession. She says she wonders if there really is anything significant in the fact.

Mr. Goeller, of Goeller Bros., has presented us with a beautiful Norfolk Island Pine. It is now but about two feet high, but when full grown they often attain the height of two hundred feet.

The ring which Harriet Alexander lost last month was found in the yard, one day last week, by Alfred Grieff and returned to her. Harriet had given it up for lost and was greatly pleased at its return.

Mary Sommers says she had the most delightful visit of her life at the home of Marie Sieben, during the holidays. She certainly seems to have been entertained royally, judging from the many pleasant things she has to tell of her trip.

There has been a little 12 by 15 American flag fluttering in the breezes away up in the top of the water beach out front, all winter long. How it got there is a mystery, but it seems to have gotten there to stay for the strongest winds have failed to dislodge it.

The Hippodrome, of New York, appears to have been the Mecca of all our children living in the northern part of the state, during the Christmas holidays. Nearly every one of them seems to have paid it a visit. Mary Sommers says it is the most interesting thing in the world.

Strange to say, when it was time to go home for the holidays, every one was ready, but when the children were to come back, one's mamma had a cold, one's sister was going to have a birthday, one had the tooth-ache and there was a multitude of other excuses to prevent a prompt return. A very little rain will keep us from church, but nothing short of a deluge will keep us out of our seat at the theatre.

The evening of the 2nd of January was the occasion of a surprise birthday party to Marie Sieben, at her home in Roseville, and it proved to be one of the most delightful of the little social functions of the season. Among those present were Walter Hedden, George Oberbeck, Eddie Bradley, Carmine Pace, Joseph Adlon, John Golden, Vallie Gunn, Mary Sommers, Annie Bissett, Mabel Zorn, Charlotte McChesney, Mamie German and Sadie Penrose, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in games and plays and in the renewal of old friendship. An elaborate luncheon was served by Mrs. Sieben and Marie was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

## THE SILENT WORKER



By Robert E. Maynard, Yonkers, N. Y.

## Snapshots and Blinks

SOMETIMES in the course of human endeavor and perseverance, we have luck, rather luck is thrust on one. The Owl's horoscope was cast in the December WORKER, sandwiched in between the Zodiac symbols and readings applicable to two mid-western ministers to the deaf, as outlined by E. F. Long in "Stray Straws." Therefore, it is peculiarly strange and unfortunate that I am not a minister also, because the December day, according to the Gregorian calendar, was Sunday, too. Then it is that luck is apparent in that all the good, well-buttered words applicable to these two saintly men under the Zodiac sign of Sagittarius, is not equally applied to me, because of a different life calling, and unlike them I have no apology to make to congregations after saying: "By Jupiter!" which is allowable under the heavenly rules. As for a partiality toward the colors indigo and green, I have only to assure E. F. L. that I am an Englishman and as for a hankering after the fiery color of the carbuncle gem, a fiery full-bladed bull destroyed that hankering years ago, and I prefer the stars and stripes.

Here are some excerpts from the horoscope that don't seem to quite fill in with The Owl's sombre life and surroundings:

"He loves his home, but he likes to move and find change of scene and environment, but he takes his home with him."

It is lucky his home contains no piano, cats, dogs, parrot or canaries, or else he would find his happy home, change of scene and environment out in the gutter everywhere he took the home with him. By Jupiter!

"He loves to study and live in the mysterious, and by this is implied a desire to become associated with mystic orders."

The Owl rode the mystic Goat once and made such a fine impression and howling success that he was mustered in for a second trip. An open window and the fire-escape were preferable however. Since then he had no desire to study and live in the mysterious nor cultivate the association of mystic orders.

"If he thinks or acts, he does both from his interior consciousness."

Quite true. If the Owl and the ministers, for that matter, didn't think and act that way, all three might be doing time in State Prisons, breaking stone for the cultivation of their interior consciences.

"He is interested in philanthropic work, is trusty, pure minded and always reliable, and generally satisfied and contented with things as they go, but sometimes worries and brings on morbid physical conditions, especially indigestion."

Am very much interested in the millions of John Jacob, Andy C., John D., Hetty G., and others, since I happen to be almost dead broke and unable to work philanthropy. If

E. F. L. could only see the loaded tray that comes up to my room three times a day and see the same tray on its way back to the kitchen, she would explain "By Jupiter!" All indigestion vanishes when the platter holds a quarter baked rabbit, onions and potatoes, with a Scotch pint of old English ale on the side—then I am generally satisfied and contented, trusty and reliable.

After all, the only horoscope that really hits the nail on the head is that "Youth is a dream, middle-age a struggle, old-age a regret."

## Tells From Moving Pictures

WHERE can be found deaf-mutes, who do not enjoy the thrill occasioned by the excitement over a film of interesting moving-pictures? To the deaf man or woman whose imagination of things theatrical are mediocre, the moving pictures to them is what grand opera is to our more cultured hearing brethren, while to the deaf child the film is his soul's delight and the acme of what fills the bill for a "good time at the theatre." But there is always a limit to all joy, an end to all good things. Hence, it is not surprising to find the hearing population of our large cities crying out already against this innocent pastime, and it is doubtful if the moving-pictures is to go much further unquestioned as an unalloyed cheap blessing in the way of instruction and entertainment. It is high time that this thing, which has vaulted into such vogue, should be deeply studied as to its consequences on the tender minds and bodies of children, who are the principal visitors to these modern temples of flying films. One thing certain, the long flickering sessions are a severe if not serious strain upon the eyesight and the whole central nervous system. The exhaustion resulting to brain centres not only induces hypnotic sleep in some people, but has the effect of stupefying and even putting animals like lions and tigers to sleep. The effects of film shown on the mental, physical and moral state of children cannot be too quickly and strongly looked into by physicians and practical psychologists. This view here presented is but a preliminary peep in on a vast subject. The film presents hundreds of questions yet unanswered, for the method is so new and so utterly artificial, illusory and unlike anything that has ever fed the brain before that it must demand a steady, deep study and watching for years and years, especially where children are concerned.

One bad feature is the highly wrought, silly interpretative pantomime of gesticulation which is thought necessary to make one understand the meaning of the pictures. If children with their great imitative instincts fall into this dull, vulgar, overwrought style of tinhorn dramatics, our children will grow up as puppets and posers. A modicum of the moving-pictures, and these of the best taste and instruction, will undoubtedly help any normal mind, but dissipation in them is certainly dangerous if not condemnable in the highest degree. The question of pure food for the body does not amount to a sou farthing when compared to the question of pure food for the mind.

## ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE LOCAL COMMITTEE.

The Local Committee of the World's Congress of the Deaf to be held at COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., 1910, extends a cordial invitation to the deaf of New Jersey to attend the Congress.

No effort will be spared to make the trip worth your while.

You will share in the business of the Congress, which promises to be the most important and far-reaching in its influence of any gathering of the deaf ever held on American soil.

The above announcement has appeared in some of our papers for the deaf, including that in the December WORKER. "Hold your horses!" Ladies and Gentlemen of the Local Committee, "Hold your horses!" For two and a half years the National Association has been advertised to meet at Colorado Springs. Wherefore the authority to change it to a World's Congress of the Deaf? If I mistake not, then the Federation Plan must embody in its plan and scope articles of federation of the deaf of the entire world, and to consider only a Federation of the American Deaf will be entirely out of order. We hardly understand the necessity every three years of giving the conventions of the National Association such high-sounding titles. Give the American deaf a genuine convention of their own and a Federation Plan to be entirely their own. The foreign deaf can get along without the help of the National Association!

## Robert C. Wall, Deaf-Mute, Awakened Neighbors By Beating Dish Pan Out of The Window

Driven from their beds by fire, the family of Robert C. Wall, of Oak Lane, Philadelphia, barely escaped with their lives at 1:30 o'clock this morning. Mr. Wall, who is head of a manufacturing concern in Philadelphia, is a deaf-mute, and brought assistance from his neighbors by thumping on a dishpan which he held out of a second-story window.

The house, a handsome, three-story dwelling, in one of the best residence sections of the suburb, at 6507 Elwood avenue, was completely burned out, causing a loss of more than \$3,000. Most of the belongings were saved by neighbors and firemen. A chest of silverware was carried out from the third floor by one of the firemen who ran through flame and smoke to get it.

A defective flue caused the blaze. Mrs. Wall's aged mother, Mrs. Boyer, who occupied a room at the rear of the second floor, was awakened by flames which burst from the chimney near her bed. She cried out in alarm and Mrs. Wall awakened her husband. Mr. Wall, unable to utter a sound, seized the dishpan and a stick and sounded an alarm which quickly awakened the people in adjoining houses.

While he was thus engaged Mrs. Wall and her two children, Sarah, eight years old, and Alfred, aged six, made their way to the street without stopping to dress. Her husband then assisted Mrs. Boyer out.

Philip S. Tyre, who lives next door, was one of the first to go to the family's assistance. Harry S. Noelting and others were also soon there, and they set to work to carry out the household belongings. Mr. Tyre had telephoned the Electrical Bureau, which sent fire engines to the scene. They were somewhat delayed by bad roads, and were unable to save much more than the walls of the building.

A new furnace was installed by Mr. Wall only yesterday, and it is supposed that excessive heat caused the blaze. Mr. Wall is head of the R. C. Wall Manufacturing Company, 1336 Race street. His family was given shelter in the house of a neighbor after the fire.

Mr. H. Lorraine Tracy, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was installed by proxy as a member of the Order of Americans on the 8th of January, with impressive rites performed by the members of the Gallaudet Assembly. Mr. Tracy is the first deaf-mute outside of California to join the society, and, in honor of this extraordinary event, most of the Senators, with a large concourse of hearing members, were present to witness the ceremony. One of the visitors who was Grand Sachem of the Redmen, 1980-1, and is also a member of the Woodmen, made a speech in which he said that he had never seen anything surpassing the performance of the deaf installing officers.

# STRAY STRAWS



Mrs. E. F. Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

BEGINNING the 21st of January and ending the 19th of February, the Sign of the Zodiac is Aquarius with the planet Uranus ruling. Aquarius favors the blue sapphire in the line of gems, and is partial to the colors light blue and yellow.

"The average Aquarius individual will tell the truth,—the whole truth in time,—but will generally tell it on the installment plan,—with a certain amount of fiction and economy of important fact mixed up with each installment." But "they do not do anything with base motives." And "they have idealistic, poetic, and artistic natures with "psychic power," which is apt to cause very matter-of-fact people to think Aquarius people are flighty and given to hallucinations.

I confess to being guilty of belonging to Aquarius, but the above remarks pertain to Aquarius people in general.

However, Aquarius holds a long galaxy of the most famous people in the world of art, science, philosophy, and letters, and in the field of law and politics.



It seems that Mr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, Washington, surely will get the presidential plum of the N. A. D. in 1910. Anyway everybody seems perfectly willing that he should have it. And as he is now the man of the hour, we all want to know as much as possible about him. Accordingly, I have found out that he was born the tenth of September. Years and years ago and consultation with the stars place him in the Sign of Zodiac Virgo which begins August 24 and ends September 23 of any year. Virgo claims the Jasper for a gem and fancies brown spotted with blue in the color line. And the ruling planet is Mercury. Thus it is evident by the ruling of the stars that Mr. Hanson can fill "any occupation requiring discrimination, research, and brains."

"He has great executive ability, and a keen penetrating mind. He is intuitive and remarkably psychic. He is always in search of knowledge and information. In fact, very little happens around him, or in the affairs of his friends, that does not reach his notice. He is very thoughtful of family and friends, deeply interested in their welfare, and is apt to load himself with their responsibilities, and therein lies a fruitful source of vexation for him. He is not always opportune with his advice, and with the best intentions in the world he is likely to become annoying to his friends, for it is difficult for him to see anyone in whom he is interested make any move without obtruding his advice or suggestion, and a certain melancholy condition that may result from disappointments of his own, makes his advice sometimes pessimistic and disagreeable. Still, in this matter he is apt to be determined and defeat the laudable object he had in view. This is apt to be one of the most unpleasant traits in the middle and latter Virgo make-up,—those born at the middle and end of the sign, "If he wishes to retain his influence and hold, or help to hold his friend up to what is unquestionably a high ideal of manhood or womanhood, he must learn to withhold his spoken advice and try quiet mental suggestion. Remember the words of Whittier,

'Into each life some drops of rain *must* fall', and if the friend seems to be making a mistake, he must not forget that undue pressure or advice, especially if it becomes meddlesome, will result in more harm than good.

"It seems to be a law of Divine permission,—if not of Divine Providence,—that human nature must be purified by conflict with what we, perhaps blindly, consider evil.

"It is well to remember that, after all, Almighty Wisdom and Love is working out the problem of human destiny, and that the tragedy of Uzzah and the Ark is being daily enacted. 'There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak.'

Now it is to be supposed that we all know more about Mr. Hanson than he himself knows! And it is to be hoped that he can stand it. He is in good company, too, for



OLOF HANSON.

a great astronomer and writer, Emilio Castellar, and a great Russian philosopher and writer, Count Leo Tolstoi, come directly under all this delination of the stars, though their dates are on the 8th and the 9th of September respectively.



Will "Pansy" ever understand that the N. A. D. is not like a kite and so does not need that Auxiliary for a tail!

If Pansy wants *work*—*hard work and no thanks* to occupy her spare time, I here nominate her for treasurer of the N. A. D. She has both the time and the ability for the position and why should not a woman be made a candidate for such a position? In the N. A. D. they have equal rights and privileges with the men, but lack the effects of precedence and I am sure that "Pansy" can lead that far.



The views of Mr. Olof Hanson in his "letter of acceptance" for the presidency of the N. A. D. in the January WORKER are simply what every deaf person would readily endorse. But he avoids committing himself on the Federation idea, by referring to it as a "knotty problem," the solution of which would be "evolved gradually," etc. Now, I should think that the Federation scheme had already for the past twenty years "evolved gradually" enough and that it's immediate solution is the Tilden plan, which has been before the deaf for months and months. What's the use of putting off till tomorrow what can easily be done to-day? The Tilden solution of that "knotty problem" of Federation is at hand and has been highly commended by those who have taken delay? Why procrastinate?

I think there ought to be more than one or

two candidates put up for the presidency of the N. A. D., the same as in other organizations for the hearing.

What's the matter with Mr. Douglas Tilden himself as another candidate besides Mr. Hanson? He is not a Gallaudet College man, but has a world-wide reputation, and has all the executive ability to form the Federation successfully. "The way to begin is to Begin," is what he says, so let us all have him as another candidate for the N. A. D. presidency.



A fashionable dressed man and woman in a street car were overheard making remarks about another couple in front of them, who were evidently deaf as they talked in signs. Said the "smart Alec" of a man with ears that hear and pointing to the man using signs,— "that man is a sort of a superintendent over at the asylum for the deaf and dumb and kind of trains them up." A hearing daughter of the deaf man turned to the "smart Alec" and tartly informed him that the said asylum was a school and not an asylum, thereupon he angrily retorted that "any place of refuge was an asylum" and she threw back that it was *not a place of refuge* but a *place of education* and that the deaf children went home for their summer vacations the same as hearing children in boarding schools.



In the November WORKER Mr. Pach wonders the reason why and wherefore all the chatter about a Ladies' Auxiliary to the N. A. D., when that body is really composed of men and women, both having *equal privileges*. Surely in that matter it is worth while to ponder over the old adage "United we stand, divided we fall."

And in the December number Mr. Morin very sensibly offers the suggestion that the proposed Ladies' Auxiliary be switched on to the N. F. S. D., because that body is for *men only* and such an auxiliary could be like unto what the order of the Eastern Star is to the Masonic orders in the matter of helpfulness. Mr. Morin's invitation that way ought to be seriously considered by all the ladies interested in the uplifting and protection of their own sex and therein "Pansy" has now an open field for fully exploiting her Auxiliary energies.

I, for one, prefer to continue standing with the N. A. D. first, last and always, and also will in addition stand up for a Ladies' Auxiliary to the N. F. S. D. with "Pansy" as its high grand "priestess."

In the *British Deaf Times* for December there is a very interesting illustrated article by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, concerning the Silent Sisters of Biarritz, France. They are not a community of deaf-mutes, as one might at first suppose, but they possess all their faculties and are silent from choice. There are forty women in the convent, and they never speak to each other and never lift their eyes except in prayer, or when at work. They wear a long black cowl over a white dress. On the back of the cowl is a large white cross. Their life is one of austere self-denial. The rooms are bare of every convenience and the lower rooms have no floors. They have to live for two years in the convent as probationers; but if after that they choose to stay, they can never leave the convent walls, but must pass all the remaining years of their lives in silence and prayer. They think that this is pleasing to God, this abandoning of the world of beauty and life, this abstaining from all usefulness to others. They do no service to any one. Think of the service that, like other sisterhoods, they might do the sick they might tend, the unhappy they might comfort, the bad they might reform, the children they might instruct and care for.

## The Deserted Ships:

A SEA TALE FROM THE WEST.

Copyright, 1909, by HOWARD L. TERRY.

"And how is this, my fellow man,  
And how, my comrades three,  
That I possess such yarn as this  
Who never sailed the sea?

"Oh, ho! you wink your weather eye,—  
I know its meaning well—  
So you believe that I deceive,  
No tale of sea can tell?

"Then sit ye down my comrades three,  
And hearken to my tale,  
How night and day for leagues away,  
Unmanned two ships did sail.

He was a rugged Western man  
Who came to know the sea,  
With eager face he walked apace  
Beside his comrades three:

It was a stretch of ocean beach,  
The waves did roar and roll,  
He fed his eye on breakers nigh,  
That stirred him to the soul.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, "I like the sea,  
I like the waves and roar,—  
Now sit ye 'round, your nerves I'll sound  
With tale ne'er told before."

And they did sit as he did say  
Upon the sands and shale,  
And there he stood while iced their blood  
That made their cheeks to pale.

"And how came I by this? you say—  
A man of th' West countree—  
Though rough my looks I'm schooled in books  
In tales and historie:

"I got it from my great-grandad—  
He was a fearless soul,—  
He loved the free—he sailed the sea  
Where'er its waters roll.

"It was the good ship *Flying-Fish*,  
With three masts pointing high,  
As spick and span as any man  
E'er sailed beneath the sky.

"And ev'ry man aboard that ship  
Had vowed a vow on high:  
To find that land upon whose strand  
Man blest might live and die.

"Ah, simple minds—ah, foolish men,  
That dreamed to happy be,  
All free from care in th' enchanted air  
Of island in the sea:

"Where suns are warm and moons are mild,  
And gentle breezes blow,  
Where men no more desire their shore—  
Where lotus-flowers grow;

"Utopian land—a fabled isle,  
Near famed Aegean Sea,  
Where ills of Eld have been withheld,  
And all earth's misery.

"Ah, well-a-day, and well-a-day,  
Those foolish, luckless men!  
Bright was the day they sailed away,  
But ne'er to land again!

"They saw the golden sun go down  
Where long had dwelt their sires;  
They said farewell—they hailed the swell  
Of sea that never tires:

## THE SILENT WORKER

"They saw the golden sun come up,—  
The white-caps rolling far;  
Theirs was rejoice with ringing voice,  
From deck and mast and spar.

"Far to the south the vessel sailed,  
And reached the Afric shore,  
It passed the strait—the Mid-Sea gate—  
They hailed the dusky Moor;

"By east and south—Calypso's isle,—  
Beyond the shores of Crete,  
Fair blew the wind—far, far behind,  
The sky and islands meet;

"But on the fifteenth day they spied,  
A speck against the sky,  
It nearer drew, it larger grew—  
They watched with fearful eye.

"And when that thing had neared the ship,  
Ah, they were filled with fear—  
Right well the crew its meaning knew—  
Some dreadful doom was near!

"It was a noxious cormorant,  
A foetid, carrion thing,  
It sought a mast\*—such sign did blast  
Those men's fond reckoning.

"'Oh, woe is me!' the captain cried—  
He swore a fearful oath—  
He drew his gun and fired upon  
That bird which he did loathe.

"No sound it made, nor moved at all—  
'T was silent as a trap!—  
To scare the thing each man did fling  
On high his sailor cap.

"'Thou art a solitary bird,—  
I know it by thy beak—  
No bird could be thy companie,  
E'en I abhor thy shriek;

"'Thou art a harbinger of woe—  
A sign all sailors dread—  
I will not rest till I am blest  
To see thee lying dead.'

The captain's anger scarce had burst,  
When loud the bird did cry;  
The fearful crew together drew—  
'What's that 'neath yonder sky?

"Far o'er the sea they saw a sail,  
Full ev'ry canvas drew;  
They raised the glass—O God, alas!  
That ship the *black flag* flew!  
"Aloft! aloft!—set ev'ry sail!"  
The captain's voice rang loud;—  
And louder rang—the sailors sprang,  
And manned each mast and shroud.

"Tops—top-gallants—main and jib,  
Were spread as ne'er before:  
She swung—she dipped—she leaped—she slipped—  
Like thing possessed she tore!

"But still was perched above the ship  
That flew before the wind,  
That wicked bird—it never stirr'd,  
But perched—it seemed it grinned!

"Ah, day on day and night on night,  
The pirates chased that bark!  
Now near, now far, 'neath sun and star—  
By day-light and by dark.

"The hopes of th' ones now were high;  
The others' ire was, too,  
Who cursed and railed as on they sailed,  
But close they never drew.

"Still perched that evil cormorant,  
The efforts of the crew  
To drive away that bird, or slay,  
Were vain, and foolish, too.

"They tried by ev'ry means, but failed,  
That evil bird to slay,  
When near the thing it took to wing—  
It knew the game to play.

"Hard strained the ship as winds increased,  
But high she bore and well,  
Until—a crash!—quick as a flash,  
The straining main-mast fell!

"The mast the bird had perched upon—  
That bird demoniac—  
Was snapped, and fell—th' exultant yell  
Of th' pirates wafted back!

"With fearful shriek that frightened bird,  
Like ghost in shadows dressed,  
Shot through the air towards th' pirate there,  
Who near and nearer pressed.

"Can aught escape that crippled be  
When pressed full hard and fast?  
The hour was come—the men were 'dumb—  
The battle on at last!

"The pirates overhauled that ship,  
But dearly bought the day—  
The deck ran red with slaughtered dead  
Where man and pirate lay.

"They spared not one, those pirates grim,—  
With thirst for blood and gore,—  
They cut and slashed—the blood was splashed,  
They threw the wounded o'er!

"My men, was there ever a scene  
Like this, unjustified?  
The pirate crew infuriate grew—  
As swift the knife they plied;

"And yell on yell, and oath on oath  
'Mid clash of steel arose;  
And flash of arms of men in swarms,  
And shrieks, and groans, and blows!

"The deed was done. The night drew on—  
The waves received the slain;  
It was not good—this deck of blood—  
They sought their ship again."

The Western man here paused for breath—  
"Go on!"—his comrades cried,  
"We sit to hear with eager ear."  
"Then list," the man replied.

"One crowded hour of glorious life,  
You've heard the line, my men—  
That murd'rous crew now sought to do  
One meaning of it then!

They lashed their prize beside their ship,  
Exultant in their task,  
Then back they sprang and loud they sang—  
Spread round about a cask:

THE BACCHANAL.  
"Fill high the glass—the fight is won!  
We sing, who never died,  
Their flesh and blood is fishes' food,  
We are the ocean's pride;

"Let others toil for what they get,  
We win by right of force—  
Our home, our grave, the ocean wave—  
Our path, the trackless course;

"We came not of our own desire—  
Why should we toil to live?  
By others' blood we gain our food,  
What though at times we give!

"Let others mark by deed or line  
The bound'ry of their home,  
Ours is the free and boundless sea,  
Our roof, the azure dome!"

"Fill high the glass—the fight is won—  
We sing, who never died:  
Their flesh and blood is fishes' food—  
We are the ocean's pride!"

"They sang—they drank—the orgy grew—  
Till they could stand no more—  
A frightful wreck, each stretched the deck,  
The rum was running o'er!

"Oh, ghastly scene! ah, horrid scene!  
As, one by one they rose—  
They cursed—they raved—each face was grav'd  
With terror.....What are THOSE?

"About the deck a host appeared—  
The spirits of the dead!  
With weird shout they rushed about—  
It was an hour of dread.

"The frenzied men were chased about  
Like fishes scared by shark:  
They raved, they yelled, by ghosts impelled,  
Upon that haunted bark.

"It was a Babel on the deep,  
Where mind, not tongue, was changed;  
The ocean-swell the waves of Hell  
That all around them ranged!

"There were two brothers in that crew—  
Together always found—  
Their minds were one as life went on,  
Held by a common bond.

Of these, one flew with awful shriek  
Above, about, below,—  
He seemed to see a spirit free  
Close in to deal a blow.

"In vain he climbed, he dropped, he ran—  
Close on his heels it flew—  
With terror crazed, his cutlass raised  
And stabbed it through and through!

"Alas! alas! what had he done?  
There at his trembling feet,  
With bleeding side his brother died,—  
He sank with moaning meet.

"Relentless spirits! heaven-sent—  
They drove them, one by one,  
To walk the plank—they yelled, they sank  
For sharks to feed upon:

"Splash—splash—splash!—  
As one by one they fell;  
The hungry shark arose in th' dark,  
And bore them through the swell;

"Splash—splash—splash!—  
As o'er the vessel's side—  
The yells of th' men were terrible, when  
They plunged below and died;

"Splash—splash—splash!—  
Was e'er a night so grim?  
'Midst wild alarm the sharks did swarm,  
And crunched them, trunk and limb.

"Splash—splash—splash!—  
The spirit of Justice bore  
Above that ship with its rise and dip,  
Till ev'ry man was o'er!

"And then a deathly silence fell,  
Save waters lapping nigh—  
Like that which falls in cavern halls  
When th' lost have ceased to cry.

"And they, the ghosts of them that died—  
The men the pirates slew—  
The task well done, like setting sun  
To another world withdraw.

"Then o'er the sea the moon arose,  
And grac'd that place of strife,  
But all were gone—the ships, alone,  
Gave not a sign of life.

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,  
So silent, beautiful,  
Where just before was death and gore  
And Justice dutiful?

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,  
On lone and silent sea?  
The moon shone red, the vessels sped  
In solemn majesty.

"And I am told that to this day  
Their hulks are met at sea,  
Lashed side by side they drift and ride—  
Those hulks a moral be:

#### THE MORAL

"Eternal law of righteousness,  
God worketh out His will:  
No land of bliss on earth there is—  
Death follows those that kill."

He was a rugged Western man,  
Who came to know the sea,—  
With eager face he walked apace,  
"Farewell, my comrades three."

HOWARD L. TERRY.

\* During the composition of this poem, to verify myself, I looked up the habits of the cormorant, and by strange coincidence, came to this: "Its voice is hoarse and croaking, and all its qualities obscene. No wonder, then, Milton should make Satan impersonate this bird...and sit, devising death, on the Tree of Life. Aristotle expressly says the cormorant is the only sea-fowl that sits on trees."

#### Sidney, N. Y.

As Lincoln's birthday approaches, and the magazines and newspapers are filled with articles concerning that great statesman, one thing is noticeable in reading them, no matter which side of his nature they treat. No one can read anything without being benefited thereby. A deaf man gets up from a persual of one of these articles and feels more like squaring his shoulders and pitching in and doing things.

The deaf man who is discouraged by the signs of business graft to be seen on all sides, after reading of the patient, plodding, unappreciated work of this great man is inspired with a determination to go out and help make the world better.

While living, Lincoln possessed the happy faculty of giving people confidence in their fellow-men, in himself and in themselves. Forty-five years after his death he exerts the same influence on humanity.

Now and then in all walks of life are to be found deaf men to meet whom is an inspiration, while there are others with whom five minutes' conversation is enough to develop a life-size case of the "blues."

There are two deaf persons who well illustrated the two extremes. Both of them are well meaning men who stand high in the community.

One of them is always looking on the wrong side of things. With him prosperity is always a sign of approaching adversity. The first real satisfaction that his friends derive is when he is ready to concede that every thing is going to be worse. He enjoys amusement, but it would almost be possible to follow him through the city for a day by the solemn faces that he leaves behind him.

It is like going from a damp dark cellar out into the June sunshine to go from that man's business for a five minutes' chat with a familiar friend of ours. He may have his trials and perplexities, but no one would ever suspect it. Like Lincoln, he usually has an apt and amusing story for all occa-

sions. He always has a kindly word for every one.

A few minutes' talk with him is like reading a Lincoln article for stimulating one's manhood and making one determined to do his best. More than one young man mute has gone into his office, disengaged, when two or three kindly words from our friend have placed him entirely at his ease, and at the same time put him on his mettle.

Greater than Lincoln's statesmanship was the depth of his nature that inspired men to do their best. Greater than our friend's prudent mind and love of fairness is his hearty, cheerful disposition. Greater than power or mental attainment for any man is the ability to reach the heart of another and infuse therein determination to attain to better things.

The *Utica, N. Y. Globe* publishes the remarkable instances of men who quit talking for years:

"One of the most remarkable instances of self-imposed silence on the part of any person, a silence that attracted attention throughout the nation, was that which was considered as one of the eccentricities of the late George Francis Train. For 14 years that philosopher, millionaire, ship-owner, globe trotter and sage of Madison square never spoke to any adult person.

"In 1880 Mr. Train closed his lips, and not until 1894 did he break the seal of silence. In all that time he talked to no human being over 12 years of age. After he resumed spoken communication with mankind, explains a writer, I met him once in Madison square—under the tree that had sheltered him daily for 14 years. I asked him then the 'why' of his long silence.

"The city fathers ruled that the children should not roller-skate in Madison square," he replied. "That settled it! If the children could not skate I would not talk to any but children. So for years I have sat here holding communication with no adult except by written word."

'Except by written word' meant that whenever anyone addressed Mr. Train, he would write the reply on a pad, which he always carried for the purpose. His reason for at last breaking his silence was the Haymarket riots and Anarchist trials in Chicago, which so interested him that he suddenly sprang into activity by going to the Windy City and making a public speech that landed him in a calaboose.

"A still more extraordinary hermit of silence—more extraordinary in respect to the length of the period of silence—was old Bill Smith, 'Hermit of the Adirondacks.' While still a young man, Bill Smith's wife died. His grief was such that over her grave he solemnly informed all those assembled there that he would that day retire from the world, wishing never again to see human face, never again to hear the sound of human voice, never again himself to speak to man or woman.

"In the wilderness near Saranac Lake he built a hut, and there for 40 years he lived a hermit's life. He closed his lips to the world in 1855; not till 1895, the year in which he died, did he break silence—to tell in unaccustomed and hence halting speech that he wished to be buried on a certain hilltop.

"That 40 years' silence of Bill Smith is the longest on record, except in the case of three or four very aged Trappist monks upon whom silence is enforced by their own rigid monastic laws. But even these monks, in their various Houses of Silence, are permitted the use of speech when meeting one another to the extent of saying 'Memento mori'—remember death."

In a post card to the writer, Mr. Myron Lussell, of Ilion, N. Y., a star graduate of the Rome School, wrote:

DEAR FRIEND:—I received two copies of the SILENT WORKER with many hearty thanks. That paper is a valuable, interesting and entertaining one. I think that paper is too good and valuable to throw away or destroy. The only paper I take is the *Register*. I appreciate your kindness.

Wish you "Merry Christmas."

FREDERICK T. LLOYD.

## The Failure of the Oral Method

INVESTIGATION OF MESSRS. BINET AND SIMON

It will soon be thirty years since the French Government, relying on the reports of the Congress of Milan for the amelioration of the condition of deaf-mutes, decided to quit the French method of signs and writing in use up to that time in our schools, and to require teaching by the German method of articulation and lip-reading. At this time the more prominent deaf-mutes protested strongly. And after several years, during which the new method had had the time to show what it could do, some, like the regretted Ligot, Limosin, Chambellan, etc., demanded that the products of the method called the *pure oral* be subject to an investigation in order to see in what measure they had profited by it. Their requests were never listened to.

The Conventions, national and international, which have evidenced the intellectual and social rise of the deaf in late years, more particularly those composed of members instructed by the old methods, manifested almost unanimously the same desire. And, though some had official sanction, their resolutions were without effect.

In default of an investigation, we have testimony every day; the number constantly increasing, of imperfect semi-mutes, articulating common phrases more or less badly, like negroes, reading the lips a trifle better, writing fantastically, but all the same using signs; some with full intellectual understanding, and these are, after all, the worst educated—the others—best in brain and speech—(with exceptions) in a broken, nervous, grotesque fashion, which would cause them to pass for incomprehensible, did one not know that with hearing people they expressed themselves by speech and writing much more correctly than their comrades. And that is one of the most characteristic of the anomalies produced by the teaching of the deaf as it is done in France.

But, as was truly stated in signs by Dusuzeau at the International Congress at Paris in 1889, Time is the great teacher. He will in the end bring all things to a focus.

It has been somewhat long, but at last it is here. Very often I was reflecting on the matter. I regretted that modern personages in authority, who were infatuated with the oral method, have been devoid of psychology. And it struck me that those who at the time the new method was started, refused to believe in it were such true philosophers as Maxime du Camp and Jules Simon. It had a promoter in the person of Adolphe Franck, returned from Milan, where he claimed to have found his "road to Damascus." But he was right only before he went to Milan, when he raised objections to the new method much stronger than the impressions he brought back from Italy of the spectacle of oral pupils manifestly *coached*. Besides, was he sincere in the first place or afterward? I have had occasion once to see that France had become fixed in his opinion. One day while he was passing along the Champmas, spoke to him concerning me. I see still the surprised air of Franck. He questioned me about Polycrates. It must be believed that my replies overwhelmed him with astonishment, for he made nervous movements, talking with my teacher. In reality he showed his vexation that the combined method, of which I was an outcome, did not make parrots as did the oral method.

Now it is this headstrong pride of opinion that prevents so many friends of our cause from seeing clearly in matters pertaining to our education. And it is this stubbornness that so exasperated the English deaf at the Convention of Windermere that they allowed themselves to say, somewhat unjustly, that the adepts of the oral method were no true friends of the deaf.

Messrs. Alfred Binet and Th. Simon, who made the investigation of which I am writing, do not have this partisanship. Better still, they would not consult our present teachers, because they understood perfectly their bias.

## THE SILENT WORKER

Nothing forced them into this investigation which they have brought to a close. It was not even asked of them by the administration, which would have been too much to expect. But Mr. Alfred Binet is one of the masters of contemporary psychology. He is a professor of the Sorbonne. And Dr. Th. Simon is a collaborator worthy of such a savant. It was inevitable that psychologists so painstaking and conscientious should become aware of the existence of the deaf and take an interest in them.

It was truly a preoccupation in psychology that first started their inquiry. But it had also a practical reason; it was concern for the nation, it was for social usefulness. "The interests there is in knowing," they said at the end of their work, "the value of this method, apart from all spirit of praise or blame, is considerable, for this interest exists simultaneously for psychology and for the organization of the education to be given deaf-mutes."

In reading their report, at every page, every line, my pleasure increased to find in Messrs. Binet and Simon sincere and impartial friends of your cause.

It should be read everywhere.

My analysis, necessarily, can only give an imperfect resume.

With a high scientific probity, the inquirers restricted their testimony to congenital deaf-mutes, eliminating those deaf by accident and the backward, or rather those who by reason of special circumstances would not have profited in an average measure by the teaching, and, consequently, would not be representative of what could be done under the best conditions possible.

In our opinion, they should have pursued their investigations even among the deaf not congenital, and there they would have found yet more serious reasons to confirm their conclusions.

Their researches commenced at Paris, in December, 1907, and were made on old pupils of the Institutions of the Rue Saint Jacques and of Asnieres, who left between 1892 and 1902. But by a series of scrupulous eliminations (partly deaf, slow-witted, left the country, and died) from the roll of the National Institute, which is 704 pupils, they finally reached 33 individuals and from the roll of the departmental Institution, which is 60 pupils (boys only) they reached the insignificant number of 7.

This led them to make forty visits.

Truly one may smile, for these two-score do not all represent the silent adult population of the capital, which must be more than 3,000 individuals.

And we repeat it, Messrs. Binet and Simon should have asked from our Societies addresses much more recent than those furnished by the schools, which would have enabled them to make more fruitful discoveries.

Our authors make curious remarks on the addresses and not that after nine years the old pupils leave no traces. The secretaries of our branches, who are often obliged to correct their books of addresses, could tell them that they were right, since they establish the truth that all the individuals of the working population lose themselves in the eddies of the Great City. But they have not found the deaf living in the rich quarters. Now there are some who came from private institutions and who remain there for long periods.

Previous to stating the results of their inquiry, Messrs. Binet and Simon consider the statistics which have been furnished them by the two institutions in regard to what is the average measure that their subjects have profited by oral teaching. These statistics are edifying. Considered by themselves they are enough to condemn the oral method, particularly when it is applied to the slow-witted deaf-mutes, who in reality are only deaf-mutes of average intelligence. And it is embarrassing for the impalpable truthfulness of figures, to such waste, still persist in their course. The comments of Messrs. Binet and Simon are severe and just. Judge them.

"Taking these figures strictly, one is led to conclude that, all things considered, 'demutisation' succeeds less and less and that prolonged experience is not favorable for it. It is fair to mark that we do

not know what weight to give to these estimations that are given without any kind of proof. We do not know if any one ever dreamed of measuring the degree of oral acquirements, in reality we doubt it. We meet here one of those numerous and deplorable examples of a pedagogy without restraint. It is extremely probable that the results, figures that are furnished us, are derived from a simple subjective impression felt by the teachers and administration. Without wishing to doubt the sincerity of this subjective impression, we must believe that it is largely optimistic, and that the pupils who have been accorded an abrupt "No" are actually the serious waste of the oral system. Hence, a conclusion is forced on us: Might it not be possible for these rejected pupils to escape a costly system that has only given poor results? If it be true that among more than a third of the pupils of the schools, the oral method meets with poor success, would it not be better to dispense with it? Should one not, at the end of two years, for example, of trial, have the pupils examined, and suspend the oral method among those who have profited by it, instead of prolonging the experiment for six years or more?"

My space does not permit me to follow the authors into the detail of statistics. I will content myself with giving the most striking:

NATIONAL INSTITUTION		
	Normal P.C.	Backward P.C.
Pupils demutized, average....	77	13
Pupils demutized less than average .....	23	87

### ASNIERES INSTITUTION

Pupils demutized, average....	94	22
Pupils demutized less than average .....	6	78

Hence, they arrive at this estimation, which they particularly emphasize:

"If, therefore, statistics made with unrestricted freedom and which certainly lack scientific vigor, yet give conclusions so striking, should it not be absolutely necessary that a commission should be charged to make a selection from among the pupils now in course of instruction, and to examine specially those who are backward, congenitally deaf and deaf before the age of one year, to spare these children the fatigue and the loss of time of oral education which fails completely and lamentably more than four-fifths of them?"

HENRI GAILLARD.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. William F. Faber, D.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, has written a history of the Parish from the day of its foundation fifty years ago. On pages, 51 and 52, is the following account of the work among deaf-mutes: "In 1874 the Reverend Austin W. Mann began his labors among the deaf-mutes of Detroit and vicinity in St. John's Chapel. After thirty-five years this veteran Missionary still visits the same place at stated intervals; baptizing, preparing for Confirmation, preaching and celebrating the Holy Communion. His congregation is listed as 'Ephphatha Mission,' the communicants, thirty-eighth in 1909, being enrolled in St. John's. During all these years, never free from pain, subsisting on meagre stipends while journeying through all seasons over an enormous territory, this heroic man has won the reverent affection and esteem of those who know the facts of his zealous and untiring Ministry."

Mr. Wesley Breese has resigned his position as head man in the engraving department of the *State Gazette*, Trenton, and accepted a more lucrative position in New York at the Gill Engraving Co.'s large plant, as operator.

Mr. Breese received his start in the engraving and printing department of the New Jersey School and has been very successful ever since. We hope the change which Mr. Breese has made is for the better.

# EXCHANGES



By R. B. Lloyd, B.A.

The Institute for Deaf-Mutes in La Plata, Argentina, was nearly destroyed by fire, about a year ago. The library, printing shop and the principal's residence were totally destroyed.

On the 15th of December there were five cases of scarlet fever in the hospital of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, at Edgewood Park. None of the patients were very sick. The disease seems to be epidemic over a large portion of Western Pennsylvania.

Helen Keller's book, "The World I Live In," is considered by Professor Wilhelm Stein of the Berlin Institute of Applied Psychology as one of the greatest contributions to education and Psychology that have appeared in the last hundred years.

A man in Montreal, Canada, has been arrested and sentenced to prison for two years for begging under the guise of a deaf-mute. Another man in Hamilton was sentenced to jail for six months for the same offence. That's right; run them in. Real deaf men and women have too much self-respect to beg.

On the first of January all the public institutions of Illinois, including the School for the Deaf, passed under the control of the Board of Administration. While the bill was before the Legislature the deaf of Illinois made a strong but unsuccessful effort to have the school for the deaf excepted from its provisions on the ground that the school was for purely educational purposes and should not be classed with criminal and custodial institutions.

A newspaper man in Southern Kentucky, who has had two of our boys in his office for a couple of years past, writes to inquire whether we can send him two more. He closes by saying, "I like their work fine, as they are reliable." We add that we do not know of a single graduate of the printing department of this school in the last twenty years, who attempted to follow his trade, who is out of work, or who has failed to "make good" at it.—*Kentucky Standard*.

A little more than two months ago scarlet fever broke out at the Louisiana institution in Banton Rouge. So far there have been but six cases and all have been mild. The efficient measures taken by Col. Robertson, the superintendent of the school, prevented the spread of the disease and doubtlessly saved the lives of some of the sick. The care that the deaf children receive at the various schools is generally superior, in every respect, to that which could be given them at their homes, for the schools supply excellent medical attendance, trained nurses and considerate care at all times.

Have the deaf, even the born deaf, a sense of sound? Certainly, they have. Tell them that a cow moos, a dog barks, a cat mews, a cock crows. They will manifest no surprise; they have probably felt all these sounds, and noted the difference. They know the report of firearms and the noise made by a chair or other hard body falling on the floor. They recognize also the screech of a steam whistle that is not far away. In fact, many little noises that hearing people scarcely notice annoy the deaf when they wish for quiet. But one curious fact is they cannot locate the noise. They do not know whether it is overhead, downstairs, behind them or in front of them.

According to a French authority on statistics, there are, in proportion to every 100,000 inhabitants, 246 deaf persons in Switzerland, 234 in Austria, 118 in Sweden, 99 in Prussia, 98 in Norway, 96 in Germany, 82 in Ireland, 73 in Italy, 64 in Spain, 62 in Denmark, 57 in England and 57 in France. In the United States the number is about 70 and we presume it is about the same in Canada. From the above figures it might be inferred that there are more deaf people in high altitudes and in mountainous countries than in those comparatively low and level.—*Exchange*.

The management of the Minnesota school had planned to close the school for the Christmas vacation and sent circulars to the parents of those children who were expecting to go home. Unexpectedly, however, a few cases of diphtheria developed among the pupils, and the State Board of Health forbade any of the children to leave the school. The disease was not of a serious character and those who had it are now up and about. As a partial recompense to the pupils for their disappointment, Superintendent Tate has promised to close the school one week earlier in June.

The *Hoosier* made the remarkable assertion on its editorial page, that the average hearing person could pick out the deaf anywhere in a crowd by their peculiar looks. We never could do that unless they were talking, and we do not know any one who can. On the other hand, the deaf are taken for hearing people constantly, and spoken to on the street by persons seeking information. Are we to surmise, however, that the deaf of Indiana are any different from the deaf of other states. Since writing the above the *Hoosier* comes with an editorial, denying that it made such a statement on its own account but was quoting from an other paper.

Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, Democrat, is but 37 years of age and is totally blind. When only 8 years old a playmate destroyed the sight of one eye, and at the age of 11, while a page in the Mississippi senate, he lost the other eye by an arrow wound from a crossbow. He kept up his youthful studies by having school children and members of his family read to him. At 16 he entered the Normal college and graduated with distinction, his only assistance having been from a roommate who studied aloud for his benefit. In 1892, when only 22, he graduated from the law department of Columbia University. He went to Oklahoma six years ago, and as a member of the territorial senate, to which he was elected, displayed such capacity that his election in the primaries followed. He won this honor over a millionaire banker and a wealthy attorney.

It seems as if an angel of misfortune was hovering over the deaf of Seattle. First came the tragic death of Otto Cedergreen, who was killed by a street car. Soon after that another deaf man, while trying to board a First avenue car, was hurled flat on his back on the stone pavement. He carried a large bump on the back of his head for some time as a souvenir of the event; also other bruises and a nearly ruined overcoat. Since our last issue Albert Hole and Matthew Treese, while crossing a street to take a car, were knocked down by a runaway team and quite seriously injured. Mr. Hole had ten stitches taken in his head, as well as being otherwise bruised. Mr. Treese had a badly injured ankle. The fact that Mr. Hole is an athlete and strong physically probably saved his life. In the excitement of the accident no one seemed to notice to whom the team belonged. If this can be found out the young men will begin proceedings for damages. The same night that these two young men were hurt, Olof Hanson had a narrow escape from being bitten by an auto. He had just turned to cross the street after a talk with ye editor, when a speeding auto dashed by within a foot of him.—*The Observer*.

Rudolph Redlich, a deaf mute, well known in this city and the proprietor of a cigar store in Springfield, will probably be blind for life as a result of an accident which occurred Friday afternoon at his place of business, when he was adjusting a carbide light. Just how the accident happened has not been learned. Mr. Redlich was either in the act of filling the lamp or adjusting it, when an explosion followed. Particles of the lamp were blown in his face and eyes, which were also badly burned by the flame from the lamp. The injured man was at once hurried to St. John's hospital, where he showed some improvement, although he is in a serious condition. Mr. Redlich is well and favorably known in Jacksonville, where he graduated from the Illinois School for the Deaf in 1900. He is very popular among a large circle of friends and relatives in this city, who will be sorry to hear of his misfortune and hope for a speedy recovery.—*Jacksonville Journal*.

The National Association of the Deaf at its meeting in Norfolk passed resolutions setting forth that as they are the ones chiefly concerned they ought to have a voice in the educational policy of the schools. The President of the Association recently sent a copy of these resolutions to the head of every American school with the request for an expression of opinion on the subject. The head of a certain eastern School, in a published reply manifests some irritation over the attitude of the Deaf in this matter, and at their known opposition to single method schools. He intimates that the Deaf are attempting to meddle with something that does not concern them. But this question of methods does concern every deaf person in the country. They are the living results of methods, and if the method be faulty the injury done endures for a lifetime. The graduates are in the best position to judge whether they have been helped or hindered by the methods used in their education. It is not only their right but their duty to offer suggestions to those in charge of the schools, and whether the suggestions are accepted or not they should be given earnest and courteous consideration. The School may not be prepared to accept such suggestions, but it is a poor way to receive them to pooh! pooh! them and refer to them as "quibbles" and "fuss and feathers"—the matter is too serious for that.—*The Standard*.

A great deal of harm is unconsciously done and a great deal of anxiety occasioned in the hearts of loved ones at home, by children thoughtlessly writing them about some trifling ailment, which from a deficient knowledge of language or from an exaggerated idea of pain is magnified into a serious condition of ill health.

A boy who has eaten too much pie and is suffering from a tumult in the vicinity of the waistband will take a day out of school and pity himself. With nothing to occupy his mind he will probably sit down in the bed-room and write something like this, "I am very sick to-day. I can not go to school." Or re-reading an old letter from home will copy something from it like this, "I am in very bad health," "My health has been very poor," or "I am suffering from appendicitis," without the least idea as to what appendicitis is further than that it is located in the region of the stomach and causes pain and sickness. Or he may get his leg hurt and write that it is "broken."

The next day he is out and romping again as if nothing has happened and then neglects to write home for a long time. As a result the home folks are thrown into consternation and the long silence lends color to the suspicion that something dreadful is the matter with him and a lot of correspondence with the superintendent is necessary to set their fears at rest.

Such anxiety is needless. Parents are at once notified if anything more than a passing indisposition attacks their children and are kept in touch with the patient's condition so long as there is the slightest occasion of uneasiness.—*Hawkeye*.



MRS. HYPATIA BOYD REED and daughter, Lydia Jean Reed, on Niccol monument, Wenona. The photograph is called "Step by Step."

### That Rose

(By One Whom It Inspired.)

Yesterday, at this self-same hour,  
My friendly neighbor, who is deaf,  
Brought to me a sweet flower,  
The only one left,  
After the rose season;  
Soon I will tell you the reason.

The rose that she brought  
Is no prettier than the thought  
That prompted the deed.  
For in her heart, Hypatia Boyd Reed  
Is pure and exceedingly sweet,  
And with any flower might compete.

For her face is fair and it does look  
As though it were the face of an open book,  
For by a single glance, one could tell  
That with her, peace, does dwell,  
So honest and candid are her eyes  
And her smile is always a sweet surprise.

With manners so sedate  
She shows perfect resignation to her fate.  
The song' of a bird  
She has never heard,  
But she has music in her soul,  
Which she keeps in sweet control.

Not being able to hear  
She misses much;  
But her sense of feeling, is such  
And her senses of thinking and seeing,  
Are so delightfully keen;  
That she most readily feels

What others might not have been  
Able to perceive or hear;  
Even when ever so near.  
She revels in the fragrance of the rose,  
To her it suggests poetry, not prose.  
So she said to me then:

"I brought it for an inspiration,  
For you to write a song—poem."  
That was what she said  
And, then, she fled.  
Now a song, poor dear, she has never heard  
From a human voice,

Nor from a single bird,  
But still, she proves the presence of music sweet,  
From the crown of her head,  
To the sole of her feet.  
So sure is she of the pleasure music gives  
That she music buys,

And to others gives.  
Her spirit often craves  
To hear the sweet waves  
Of sound, from those dear to her around,  
Some day, some day,  
Over the way, the "White Way,"

She will a reward receive so great  
That it will more than compensate,  
For what she has missed here;  
For in heaven, their voices she will hear,  
So pure and undefiled,  
As sweet and tender and dear as the rose, is  
mild.

God has given to her Baby Lydia,  
For a joy in her life.  
A sweet mother she is  
And a charming little wife.  
So, God is good, to his children all,  
And he will not let fall,  
Any burden of care  
More heavy, than it is able to bear.  
My friend, herself, is an inspiration  
Which puts the rose out of all competition.  
But here is to the rose, as back it goes,  
It looks very tired from what it has inspired.  
—From the Menasha Record.

September 24, 1909.

When you consent, consent cordially.  
When you refuse, refuse finally.  
When you punish, punish goodnaturedly.  
Command often. Never scold.—Jacob Abbott.

### GENTLEMEN

An estimable deaf-mute Jewess wishes correspondence with a sympathetic deaf-mute Jew. Event, marriage. Reply to "Swedish girl." Address: Post kontoret Wasagatan, Stockholm, p. r. Sweden.

### Announcement!

"I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to do right without the yoke of any party on me or the driver at my heels with whip in hand commanding me to ge-wo-haw just at his pleasure."

These words were spoken by Davy Crockett in his famous battle with President Jackson. Do you know who Crockett was? He was a frontier man with no early advantages, having no knowledge of the alphabet until he was twenty years old and, after a career as a hunter, legislator and revolutionist, died gloriously in the immortal siege of the Alamo.

For thirty years we have been heirs of the desiccated codfish polity of the Syndicated Ability which is narrow-mindedness, illiberality and inefficiency. Gallaedism has ge-wo-hawed you for thirty years and, while you look on openmouthed, is at the present day preparing a slate for the next Convention and writing trash poetry about its own glories.

We are going to stop all this. To do so we organize

### The Independence League of The Deaf

Its purposes are: First, to establish the National Federation on whatever plan that is acceptable to us, and Second, to compel a honest ballot and a fair distribution of offices.

If you are in sympathy with these objects, either write on a piece of paper or cut out the following blank and send to the indicated address:

Purity Committee,  
1554 Franklin St.,  
Oakland, Cal.  
I join the Independence League without  
thereby waiving my right to the freedom of  
thought or action.  
I will be at Colorado Springs.  
Yours Truly,  
No dues  
No expenses  
No publicity

.....  
.....

NOTE: This is not a machine.

After having accomplished at Colorado Springs its duties as the Vigilance Committee of the American Manhood, the League will disband on the spot. Both sexes can join the League.  
Remember St. Paul, St. Louis and Norfolk!

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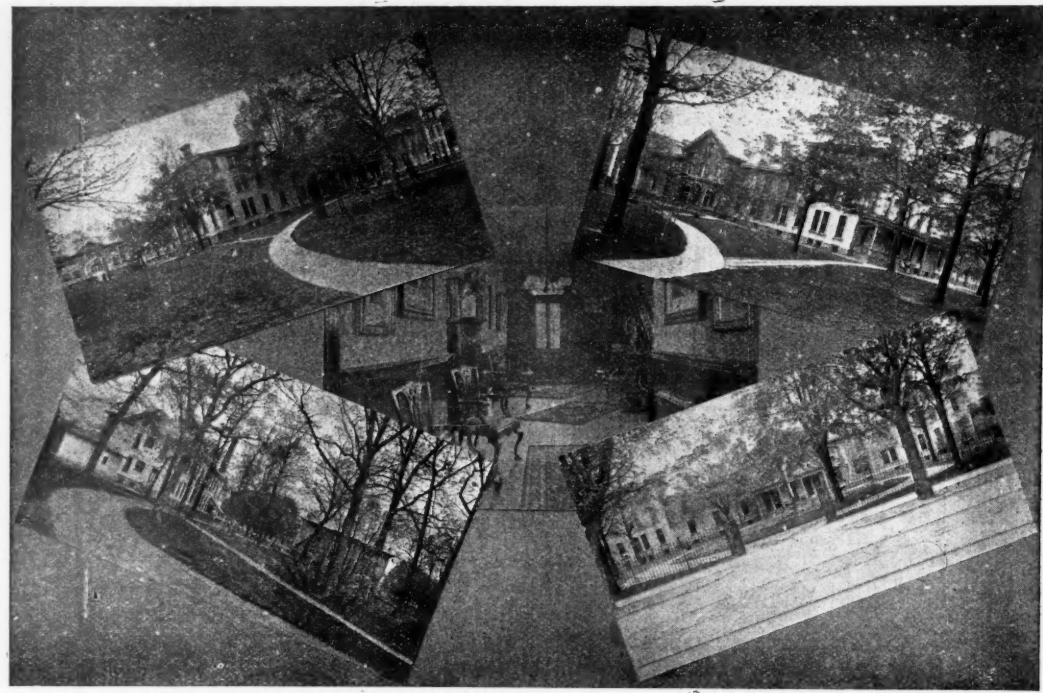
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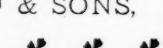
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